HANDBOUND
AT THE

UNIVERSITY OF
TORONTO PRESS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/classicalarrange05belluoft

456
8

BEQUEST OF
REV. CANON SCADDING, D. D.
TORONTO, 1901.

3434c

BELL's

CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. V.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.

3 3333
1902

LONDON:

PRINTED BY

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC XC.

CONTENTS.

ODES OF THE NINTH CLASS.

Page

I. To St. Cecilia's Day. By Thomas Bishop, M.A. 3
II. To the same. By John Oldham, B.A. 6
III. To the same. By Thomas Shadwell, Esq. 9
IV. To the same. By Nicholas Brady, D.D. 12
V. To the same. By Theophilus Parsons. 15
VI. To the same. By Thomas Yalden, D.D. 1693 18
VII. To the same. By Theophilus Parsons. 1699. 22
VIII. For the same. As altered by Mr. Pope. 26
IX. On the same. By Christopher Smart, M.A. 32
X. On the same. Adapted to the ancient British Music, as it was performed June 10, 1763, at Ranelagh. By Bonnel Thornton, Esq 38
XI. On the Death of a Young Gentleman eminent for his Skill in Music, 44
XII. For Music. By Sir James Marriot, Bart. 47
XIII. The Cure of Saul. Composed for Music by John Brown, D.D. 50
XIV. On Praise of Music. Composed by Mr. Charles King, for the Degree of Bachelor of Music; performed at the Theatre in Oxford on Friday, July 11, 1727. Probably written by Edmund Smith, M.A. 62
XV. Arion. By Sir James Marriot, Bart. 65
XVI. On antient and modern Music. By George Ellis, Esq. 68
XVII. The Trophy: in Six Cantatas. To the Honor of his R. H. Will. Duke of Cumberland; expressing the just sense of a grateful Nation, in the Characters of the Volunteer, the Poet, the Painter, the Musician, the Shepherd, the Religious. By Benjamin Hoadly, M.D. 73
XVIII. For Music. On Opening the New Regent House at the public Commencement at Cambridge. By John Taylor, LL.D. 1730. 87
XIX. On the Arrival at Cambridge of his Grace Thomas Holles, Duke of Newcastle, Chancellor of that University. June 14, 1753. By John Duncombe, M.A. 91
XX. Love and Music. For the Entertainment of the Musical Club in Cambridge, 1700. By Samuel Cobb, M.A. 95
XXI. To Venus, a Rant, 1732. Set to Music by Dr. Hayes. By Thomas Lisle, D.D. 99
XXII. The Passion of Sappho. By Mr. Harrison, 101
XXIII. Almahide. By Henry St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke. 105
XXIV. On Lyric Poetry. By Sir James Marriot, Bart. 115
XXV. The Power of Poetry. By Edward Rolle, B.D. 119
XXVI. On the Pleasure of Poetry. By Mr. Vansittart. 123
XXVII. On the Institution of a Society in Liverpool for the Encouragement of Designing, Drawing, Painting, &c. Dec. 17, 1773. By William Roscoe. 127
XXVIII. On Le Moine's Painting of the Annunciation, at Winchester Chapel. By Gloster Ridley, LL.D. 134

CLASS THE TENTH.

I. TO the Creator. From Eupolis. By F. Fawkes, M.A 141
II. To the Supreme God. From Cleanthes. By Sam. Bowden, M.D. 147
III. From the same Address of Cleanthes. By Gilbert West, Esq. 150
IV. To Virtue, From Aristotle's Paean. By Thomas Neville, M.A. 153
V. From Aristotle's Paean to Virtue. By the Rev. R. Shepherd, D.D. 155
VI. To the Muse. From Dionysius. By the Rev. James Merrick, M.A. 158
VII. To Apollo. By the same. 159
VIII. To Nemesis. By the same. 161
Notes on Odes of the Ninth Class. 163
Notes on Odes of the Tenth Class. 175

ODES.

CLASS THE NINTH.

ODES.

CLASS THE NINTH.

ODE I.

TO

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

BY THOMAS BISHOP, M.A.
OF WADHAM COLLEGE. 1683.

CECILIA, charming saint, we raise
Our souls to thee in songs of praise;
Fill with seraphic strains our thoughts,
With heav'nly music tune our notes:
For none dare speak or sing of thee,
Unless inspir'd by sacred Harmony.
A tuneful concert then be made,
Bring in the lute and viol to our aid;
The joyful train of instruments command,
Taught by Cecilia's powerful hand.
See how the trembling strings, all, at Cecilia's name,
In grateful notes give back their Music whence it came!
Behold how they rejoice to move,
And celebrate her once abode below, as now her reign above!

The melancholy flute forgets to mourn
Forsaken Damon's sad despair;
And all the rising notes return
'Cecilia!' in a brisk and more exalted air.
Tir'd with the rough alarms of war,
The martial trumpet hither does repair,
Joys with a milder blast to swell,
And on Cecilia's praises dwell;
Joys here a peaceful saint to yield
Those sounds, due to the fighting hero and the noisy field.
And the majestic organ, known
Cecilia's care and art alone,
That warms us with divine desires,
And kindles in our souls seraphic fires;
The sounding organ does aspire,
With its monopoly
Of tuneful sounds, to pierce the sky;
And join with its own saint in concert in the heavenly choir.

Cecilia's sacred memory,
Whilst Music lives, shall never die:
Music, the charming magnet of the whole,
Of Heaven and Earth the mighty soul!
Music, that sweetens all our mirth,
And gives new blooming joys their birth,
That drives pale sorrow from our breast,
And lulls our waking cares to rest;

Our willing soul resigns to thee,
Thou tun'st its passions to thy harmony:
By thee 'tis led at every turn,
And even joys with thee to mourn;
Quick as its thoughts at every sound flies out,
And hovers o'er the trembling accent of each dying note.

GRAND CHORUS.

To Music and Cecilia's name
Let every year return the same:
Whilst we the praise of both rehearse
In sounding accents, grateful verse;
And, in those praises that we give,
We ourselves shall joyful live.

ODE II.

ON

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

BY JOHN OLDHAM, B. A.

I.

BEGIN the song, your instruments advance,
Tune the voice, and tune the flute,
Touch the silent sleeping lute,
And make the strings to their own measures dance.
Bring gentlest thoughts that into language glide,
Bring softest words that into numbers slide:
Let every hand and every tongue
To make the noble concert throng—
Let all in one harmonious note agree
To frame the mighty song,
For this is Music's sacred jubilee.

II.

Hark, how the waken'd strings resound,
And break the yielding air!
The ravish'd sense how pleasingly they wound,
And call the listening soul into the ear!

Each pulse beats time, and every heart
With tongue and fingers bears a part.
By Harmony's entrancing power,
When we are thus wound up to ecstacy;
Methinks we mount, methinks we tour,
And seem to antedate our future bliss on high.

III.

How dull were life, how hardly worth our care,
But for the charms that Music lends!
How faint its pleasures would appear,
But for the pleasure which our art attends!
Without the sweets of melody,
To tune our vital breath,
Who would not give it up to death,
And in the silent grave contented lie!

IV.

Music's the cordial of a troubled breast,
The softest remedy that grief can find;
The greatest spell that charms our care to rest,
And calms the ruffled passions of the mind.
Music does all our joy refine,
It gives the relish to our wine,
'Tis that gives rapture to our love,
And wings devotion to a pitch divine;
'Tis our chief bliss on earth, and half our Heaven above.

CHORUS.

Come then, with tuneful throat and string,
The praises of our art let's sing;

Let's sing to blest CECILIA's fame,
That grac'd this art, and gave this day its name;
With music, wine and mirth conspire
To bear a concert, and make up the choir!

ODE III.

ON

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

BY THO. SHADWELL, ESQ. 1690.

O sacred Harmony, prepare our lays,
While, on Cecilia's day, we sing your praise,
From Earth to Heaven our warbling voices raise!

Join, all ye glorious instruments around,
The yielding air with your vibrations wound,
And fill Heaven's conclave with the mighty sound.

You did at first the warring atoms join,
Made qualities most opposite combine,
While discords did with pleasing concords twine.

The universe you fram'd, you still sustain;
Without you, what in tune does now remain
Would jangle into chaos once again.

It does your most transcendent glory prove,
That, to complete immortal joys above,

There must be harmony to crown their love.
Dirges with sorrow still inspire
The doleful and lamenting choir,
With swelling hearts and flowing eyes
They solemnize their obsequies;
For grief they frequent discords chuse,
Long bindings and chromatics use.
Organs and viols sadly groan
To the voice's dismal tone.

If Love's gentle passions we
Express, there must be harmony:
We touch the soft and tender flute,
The sprinkling and melodious lute,
When we describe the tickling smart
Which does invade a love-sick heart:
Sweet nymphs in pretty murmurs plain,
All chill and panting with the pleasing pain,
Which can be eas'd by nothing but the swain.

If poets, in a lofty epic strain,
Some ancient noble history recite,
How heroes love, and puissant conquerors fight,
Or how of cruel fortune they complain;
Or if the Muse the fate of empires sings,
The change of crowns, the rise and fall of kings—

CHORUS.

'Tis sacred Music does impart
Life and vigor to the art;

It makes the dumb poetic pictures breathe,
Victors' and Poets' names it saves from death.
How does the thund'ring martial song
Provoke the military throng!
The haut-boys and the warlike fife,
With clamors of the deafening drum,
Make peasants bravely hazard life,
And quicken those whom fears benumb!
The clangor of the trumpet's sound
Fills all the dusty place around,
And does from neighbouring hills rebound;
Iö triumph when we sing,
We make the trembling valleys ring.

GRAND CHORUS.

All instruments and voices fit the choir,
While we enchanting harmony admire.
What mighty wonders by our arts are taught,
What miracles by sacred numbers wrought
On earth! in Heaven, no joys are perfect found,
Till by celestial harmony they're crown'd.

ODE IV.

ON

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

BY NICHOLAS BRADY, D. D. 1692.

HAIL! bright Cecilia, hail! fill every heart
With love of thee and thy celestial art;
That thine and Music's sacred love
May make the British forest prove
As famous as Dodona's vocal grove:
Hark! hark! each tree its silence breaks,
The box and fir to talk begin!
This in the sprightly violin,
'That in the flute distinctly speaks!
'Twas sympathy their listening brethren drew,
When to the Thracian lyre with leafy wings they flew
'Tis Nature's voice; by all the moving wood
Of creatures understood:
The universal tongue to none
Of all her numerous race unknown!
From her it learn'd the mighty art
To court the ear, and strike the heart:

At once the passions to express and move;
We hear, and straight we grieve or hate, rejoice or love;
In unseen chains it does the fancy bind;
At once it charms the sense, and captivates the mind.
Soul of the world! inspir'd by thee,
The jarring seeds of matter did agree;
Thou didst the scatter'd atoms bind,
Which, by thy laws of true proportion join'd,
Made up of various parts one perfect harmony.
Thou tun'dst this world below, the spheres above,
Which in the heavenly round to their own music move.
With that sublime celestial lay
Dare any earthly sounds compare?
If any earthly music dare,
The noble organ may.
From Heaven its wondrous notes were given,
(Cecilia oft convers'd with Heaven,)
Some Angel of the sacred choir
Did with his breath the pipes inspire;
And of their notes above the just resemblance gave,
Brisk without lightness, without dullness grave.
Wondrous machine!
To thee the warbling lute,
Though us'd to conquest, must be forc'd to yield:
With thee unable to dispute,
The airy violin
And lofty viol quit the field;
In vain they tune their speaking strings,
To court the cruel Fair, or praise victorious Kings.

Whilst all thy consecrated lays
Are to more noble uses bent;
And every grateful note to Heaven repays
The melody it lent.
In vain the amorous flute and soft guittar
Jointly labor to inspire
Wanton heat and loose desire;
Whilst thy chaste airs do gently move
Seraphic flame, and heavenly love.
The fife and all the harmony of war
In vain attempt the passions to alarm,
Which thy commanding sounds compose and charm.
Let these among themselves contest,
Which can discharge its single duty best.
Thou summ'st their differing graces up in one,
And art a concert of them all within thyself alone.

GRAND CHORUS.

Hail! bright Cecilia, hail to thee!
Great Patroness of Us and Harmony!
Who, whilst amongst the choir above
Thou dost thy former skill improve,
With rapture of delight dost see
Thy favourite art
Make up a part
Of infinite felicity.
Hail! bright Cecilia, hail to thee!
Great Patroness of Us and Harmony!

ODE V.

ON

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

BY THEOPHILUS PARSONS. 1693.

CECILIA, look, look down, and see
A tribute paid to Harmony,
A tribute paid to Heaven and Thee:
And while we Music's praise rehearse,
In lower notes and fainter verse,
Warm you, great Saint, your willing choir,
With your own celestial fire.
May you move on every string,
Warble sweets in every voice,
In every note your grateful influence sing,
And by your aid confirm our happy choice.
Eldest of arts, and universal spring
Of every thing!
When beings in a dark confusion lay,
Thy voice the sullen gloom did chase,
Matter did its form embrace,
And Chaos fled before the new-born day.
Heaven look'd, and all good things did see,
And all that good arose from Harmony.

Parent of all! thou still dost sway,
And o'er this lower world preside;
Man and his passions thee obey,
As meaner waters the commanding tide,
Or that, the moon's imperious ray.
Beauty may wound th' unguarded eyes,
And slowly creep into the heart:
But Music quick as lightning flies;
The pleasure dances with the smart,
And melts and trills through every part.
Without the magic of the Fair,
We love, we sigh, and we despair,
We catch at sounds, and grasp the fleeting air.
Hark! hark! the trumpet calls to arm;
What vein so drowsy feels not the alarm,
And wakes not at th' inspiring charm?
The warlike horse already paws,
And neighs aloud his warm applause.
In vain is now the softening flute,
In vain the warbling of the lute,
Or the gay violin's persuading airs,
The philtre glides successless through our ears.
Ev'n Cecilia's voice no more can tame
The forward hero's lust of fame.
A charm might vanquish, if apply'd,
A madman's frenzy, or a woman's pride:
Temper with hope the lover's fears,
(An April-shine to gild his tears)
The weather of our happiness abate,

Softer than Love, yet absolute as Fate.
But, oh! more subtle virtue flows,
Such jarring passions to compose.
Still, still the work, O sacred Harmony, is thine!
We hear, and straight the ruffled soul
Is still; the billows cease to roll,
The swelling streams decline,
And every wounded faculty is whole.
Thus, at the shepherd's tuneful cry
Divided flocks together fly:
The rivulets their murmurs cease;
Without a breath of wind the trees,
And smiling Nature's all around at peace.

GRAND CHORUS.

Tune all your instruments aloud,
Glad voices mingling with the cheerful croud;
Sacred be your tuneful lays,
Sacred to Cecilia's praise.
Thus we'll grateful offerings bring,
Yearly thus her praises sing:
Till, join'd in chorus with our Saint above,
We take a nobler theme, to prove
By endless Harmony immortal Love.

ODE VI.

ON

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

BY THOMAS YALDEN. D.D. 1693.

I.

BEGIN, and strike th' harmonious lyre!
Let the loud instruments prepare
To raise our souls, and charm the ear,
With joys which Music only can inspire:
Hark, how the willing strings obey!
To consecrate this happy day,
Sacred to Music, Love, and blest Cecilia.
In lofty numbers, tuneful lays,
We'll celebrate the virgin's praise:
Her skilful hand first taught our strings to move:
To her the sacred harp we owe,
Who first anticipated heaven below,
And play'd the hymns on earth, that she now sings above.

II.

What moving charms his tuneful voice contains!
Charms that through the willing ear
A tide of pleasing raptures bear,
And, with diffusive joys, run thrilling thro' our veins,

The listening soul does sympathize,
And with each varied note complies,
While gay and sprightly airs delight,
Then free from cares, and unconfin'd,
It takes, in pleasing ecstacies, its flight:
With mournful sounds, a sadder garb it wears,
Indulges grief, and gives aloose to tears.

III.

Music's the language of the blest above,
No voice but Music's can express
The joys that happy souls possess.
Nor in just raptures tell the wondrous power of Love.
'Tis Nature's dialect, design'd
To charm, and to instruct the mind.
Music's an universal good!
That does dispense its joys around,
In all the elegance of sound,
To be by men admir'd, by angels understood.

IV.

Let every restless passion cease to move!
And each tumultuous thought obey
The happy influence of this day,
For Music's unity and love.
Music's the soft indulger of the mind,
The kind diverter of our care,
The surest refuge mournful grief can find,
A cordial to the breast, and charm to every ear.
Thus, when the prophet struck his tuneful lyre,
Saul's evil genius did retire:

In vain were remedies apply'd,
In vain all other arts were try'd:
His hand and voice alone the charms could find,
To heal his body, and compose his mind.

V.

Now let the trumpet's louder voice proclaim
A solemn jubilee:
For ever sacred let it be,
To skilful Jubal's and Cecilia's name.
Great Jubal, author of our lays,
Who first the hidden charms of Music found,
And through their airy paths did trace,
The secret springs of sound.
When from his hollow chorded shell
The soft melodious accents fell,
With wonder and delight he play'd,
While the harmonious strings his skilful hand obey'd.

VI.

But fair Cecilia to a pitch divine
Improv'd her artful lays:
When to the organ she her voice did join,
In the Almighty's praise;
Then choirs of listening angels stood around,
Admir'd her art, and blest the heavenly sound.
Her praise alone no tongue can reach,
But in the strains herself did teach:
Then let the voice and lyre combine,
And in a tuneful concert join;
For Music's her reward and care,
Above sh' enjoys it, and protects it here.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then kindly treat this happy day,
And grateful honors to Cecilia pay:
To her these lov'd harmonious rites belong,
To her that tunes our strings, and still inspires our song.

ODE VII.

ON

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

BY THEOPHILUS PARSONS, 1699.

BLEST Cecilia! charming maid!
Where shall mortals seek for aid,
Thee to sing? whose tuneful lays
Shall thy skill in music praise?
Inspir'd by thee, thy sons their duty show,
And imitate below,
With pious love,
What Angels sing above.
With breath the spacious organ fill;
With vital breath the trumpet swell;
Inspire the softening flute with skill;
And let Cecilia, Goddess of our song,
In melting accents ever dwell
On every string and every tongue.

For ever sacred be the day,
Beyond all others bright and fair,
Ever joyous, ever gay,
When first divine Cecilia found
The magic art to quicken the long silent air

With all the energy of sound.
Up to the skies,
On new-fledg'd wings,
From earth celestial Music flies,
And joins in concert with the Cherub's strings.
Down from their blissful bowers they came;
Came down, to listen and admire
The mighty animated frame,
Itself a quire.

She smil'd,
Cecilia smil'd, to see
The Cherubs mild,
With hovering wings descending from on high:
Like nimble lightning swift and gay,
O'er all the keys her wanton fingers play;
The ready notes obey her touch:
Dissolv'd in ecstacy
Th' immortal beings lie;
Divine Cecilia charms too much.

Her sprightly treble, warbling sweet,
Glides through the veins
On even feet,
And binds the soul in silken chains:
The yielding soul with softness it disarms,
And, like a woman, charms.
With manly grace the bass stalks high,
Array'd in awful majesty:

Its haughty bound and pompous sound
The spirits warm, the soul alarm,
And shake the trembling air around.
Between the two extremes the tenor flows
In gentle streams, persuading union as it goes.
And now in perfect harmony
The blended parts agree,
And glut the listening ear with melody.

The treble starts;
On swift division leads the chace,
And quite out-strips the loitering parts.
The rumbling bass, with clumsy pace,
Pursues the fleeting fugitive,
And all in triumph does her backward drive:
But see!
The friendly tenor, all for unity,
Does mildly interpose,
And joins them in a full compounded close.

She paus'd awhile;
For silence has in music place.
The ravish'd Cherubs, with a silent smile,
Disclose amazement on each face.
Again she plies the loud machine;
Again intranc'd the Cherubs lie;
Immortal, yet in pleasures almost die.
Thrice the lovely Maid
Paus'd; and thrice she play'd;

And thrice she shew'd the power divine
And wondrous force of modulated sound,
That like a mighty torrent flows,
Victorious as it goes,
And sweeps away the strongest mound.

CHORUS.

With breath the spacious organ fill;
With vital breath the trumpet swell;
Inspire the softening flute with skill;
And let Cecilia, Goddess of our song,
In melting accents ever dwell,
In every string and every tongue.

ODE VIII.

FOR

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

AS ALTERED

BY MR. POPE.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
In more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow,
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder they sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is sunk in cares,
Exalts her with enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires by sprightly sounds;
Pours balm into the lover's wounds:
Passions no more the soul engage,
Ev'n factions hear away their rage.

III.

Amphion thus bade wild dissension cease,
And soften'd mortals learn'd the arts of peace.
Amphion taught contending kings,
From various discords, to create
The music of a well-tun'd state;
Nor slack, nor strain the tender strings,
Those useful touches to impart,
That strike the subject's answering heart,
And the soft silent harmony that springs
From sacred union and consent of things.

IV.

But, when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
When the first vessel dar'd the seas,
The Thracian rais'd his strain,
And Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.

Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms!
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

V.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
Sad Orpheus sought his consort lost:
The adamantine gates were barr'd,
And nought was seen, and nought was heard,
Around the dreary coast;
But dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre,
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
See shady forms advance!
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

VI.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls that dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bowers;
By the hero's armed shades;
Glittering through the gloomy glades,
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove;
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife!

VII.

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

ODE IX.

ON

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, M.A.

I.

FROM your lyre-enchanted towers,
Ye musically mystic Powers,
Ye, that inform the tuneful spheres,
Inaudible to mortal ears,
While each orb in ether swims
Accordant to th' inspiring hymns;
Hither Paradise remove,
Spirits of Harmony and Love!
Thou too, divine Urania, deign to appear,
And with thy sweetly solemn lute
To the grand argument the numbers suit;
  Such as sublime and clear,
  Replete with heavenly love,
Charm th' enraptur'd souls above.
Disdainful of fantastic play,
  Mix on your ambrosial tongue,
  Weight of sense with sound of song,
And be angelically gay.

II.

And you, ye sons of Harmony below,
How little less than Angels, when ye sing!
With emulation's kindling warmth shall glow,
And from your mellow-modulating throats
The tribute of your grateful notes
In union of piety shall bring.
Shall Echo from her vocal cave
Repay each note the shepherd gave,
And shall not we our mistress praise,
And give her back the borrow'd lays?
But farther still our praises we pursue;
For ev'n Cecilia, mighty maid,
Confess'd she had superior aid—
She did—and other rights to greater powers are due:
Higher swell the sound and higher:
Let the winged numbers climb:
To the heaven of heavens aspire,
Solemn, sacred, and sublime:
From heaven Music took its rise,
Return it to its native skies.

III.

Music's a celestial art;
Cease to wonder at its power,
Tho' lifeless rocks to motion start,
Tho' trees dance lightly from the bower,
Tho' rolling floods in sweet suspence
Are held, and listen into sense.
In Penhurst plains, when Waller, sick with love,

Has found some silent, solitary grove,
Where the vague moon-beams pour a silver flood
Of tremulous light athwart th' unshaven wood,
Within an hoary moss-grown cell,
He lays his careless limbs without reserve,
And strikes, impetuous strikes each querulous nerve
Of his resounding shell.
In all the woods, in all the plains,
Around a lively stillness reigns;
The deer approach the secret scene,
And weave their way thro' labyrinths green;
While Philomela learns the lay,
And answers from the neighbouring bay.
But Medway, melancholy mute,
Gently on his urn reclines,
And all-attentive to the lute,
In uncomplaining anguish pines;
The chrystal waters weep away,
And bear the tidings to the sea:
Neptune in the boisterous seas,
Spreads the placid bed of peace,
While each blast,
Or breathes its last,
Or just does sigh a symphony and cease.

IV.

Behold Arion—on the stern he stands,
Pall'd in theatrical attire,
To the mute strings he moves th' enlivening hands,
Great in distress, and wakes the golden lyre:

While in a tender Orthian strain
He thus accosts the mistress of the main:
By the bright beams of Cynthia's eyes,
Thro' which your waves attracted rise,
And actuate the hoary deep;
By the secret coral cell,
Where Love and Joy and Neptune dwell,
And peaceful floods in silence sleep;
By the sea-flowers, that immerge
Their heads around the grotto's verge,
Dependent from the stooping stem;
By each roof-suspended drop,
That lightly lingers on the top,
And hesitates into a gem;
By thy kindred watery Gods,
The lakes, the rivulets, founts and floods,
And all the Powers that live unseen
Underneath the liquid green;
Great Amphitrite (for thou can'st bind
The storm, and regulate the wind)
Hence waft me, fair Goddess, oh waft me away,
Secure from the men, and the monsters of prey!

v.

He sung—The winds are charm'd to sleep,
Soft stillness steals along the deep,
The Tritons and the Nereids sigh
In soul-reflecting sympathy,
And all the audience of waters weep.
But Amphitrite her dolphin sends—the same,
Which erst to Neptune brought the nobly perjur'd dame,

Pleas'd to obey, the beauteous monster flies,
And on his scales as the gilt sun-beams play,
Ten thousand variegated dies
In copious streams of lustre rise,
Rise o'er the level main, and signify his way.—
And now the joyous Bard, in triumph bore,
Rides the voluminous wave, and makes the wish'd-for shore.
Come, ye festive, social throng,
Who sweep the lyre, or pour the song,
Your noblest melody employ,
Such as becomes the mouth of joy;
Bring the sky-aspiring thought,
With bright expression richly wrought;
And hail the Muse ascending on her throne,
The main at length subdu'd, and all the world her own.

VI.

But o'er th' affections too she claims the sway,
Pierces the human heart, and steals the soul away;
And as attractive sounds move high or low,
Th' obedient ductile passions ebb and flow.
Has any nymph her faithful lover lost,
And in the visions of the night,
And all the day-dreams of the light,
In Sorrow's tempest turbulently tost—
From her cheeks the roses die,
The radiations vanish from her sun-bright eye,
And her breast, the throne of love,
Can hardly, hardly, hardly move,
To send th' ambrosial sigh.

But let the skilful bard appear,
And pour the sounds medicinal in her ear:
Sing some sad, some plaintive ditty,
Steept in tears that endless flow,
Melancholy notes of pity,
Notes that mean a world of woe;
She too shall sympathize, she too shall moan,
And, pitying others sorows, sigh away her own.

VII.

Wake, wake the kettle-drum, prolong
The swelling trumpet's silver song,
And let the kindred accents pass
Thro' the horn's meandering brass.
Arise—The patriot Muse invites to war,
And mounts Bellona's brazen car;
While Harmony, terrific maid!
Appears in martial pomp array'd:
The sword, the target, and the lance
She wields, and as she moves, exalts the Pyrrhic dance.
Trembles the earth, resound the skies—
Swift o'er the fleet, the camp she flies,
With thunder in her voice, and lightning in her eyes.
The gallant warriors engage
With inextinguishable rage,
And hearts unchill'd with fear:
Fame numbers all the chosen bands,
Full in the front fair Victory stands,
And triumph crowns the rear.

VIII.

But hark the temple's hollow'd roof resounds,
And Purcell lives along the solemn sounds.—
Mellifluous, yet manly too,
He pours his strains along,
As from the lion Sampson slew,
Comes sweetness from the strong.
Not like the soft Italian swains,
He trills the weak enervate strains,
Where Sense and Music are at strife;
His vigorous notes with meaning teem,
With fire, with force explain the theme,
And sing the subject into life.
Attend—he sings Cecilia—matchless dame!
'Tis she—'tis she—fond to extend her fame,
On the loud chords the notes conspire to stay,
And sweetly swell into a long delay,
And dwell delighted on her name.
Blow on, ye sacred organs, blow,
In tones magnificently slow;
Such is the music, such the lays
Which suit your inventress's praise:
While round religious silence reigns,
And loitering winds expect the strains.
Hail majestic mournful measure,
Source of many a pensive pleasure!
Blest pledge of love to mortals given,
As pattern of the rest of heaven!
And thou, chief honor of the veil,
Hail, harmonious virgin, hail!

When Death shall blot out every name,
And Time shall break the trump of Fame,
  Angels may listen to thy lute:
Thy power shall last, thy bays shall bloom,
When tongues shall cease, and worlds consume,
  And all the tuneful spheres be mute.

ODE X.

ON

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

Adapted to the ancient British Music, viz.

THE SALT-BOX, THE JEW's HARP, THE MARROW BONES AND CLEAVERS, THE HUM-STRUM OR HURDY-GURDY, &c.

As it was performed on June 10, 1763, at Ranelagh.

BY BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

Cedite, Tibicines Itali, vos cedite, Galli;
Dico iterum vobis, cedite, Tibicines.
Cedite, Tibicines, vobis ter dico; quaterque
Jam vobis dico, cedite, Tibicines. ALEX. HEINS.

TRANSLATION OF THE MOTTO.

Yield, yield, ye fidlers, French, Italians;
Yield, yield, I say again——Rascallions.
One, two, three times I say, fidlers give o'er;
Yield ye, I now say times 1, 2, 3, 4.

PART I.

RECITATIVE,
Accompanied.

BE dumb, ye inharmonious sounds,
And music, that the astonish'd ear with discord wounds:
No more let common rhymes prophane the day.

GRAND CHORUS.

Grac'd with divine Cecilia's name,
Let solemn hymns this aweful feast proclaim,
And heavenly notes conspire to raise the heav'nly lay.

RECITATIVE,
Accompanied.

The meaner melody we scorn,
Which vulgar instruments afford;
Shrill flute, sharp fiddle, bellowing horn,
Rumbling bassoon, or tinkling harpsichord.

AIR.

In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,
And clattering, and battering, and clapping combine,
With a rap and a tap, while the hollow side sounds,
Up and down leaps the flat, and with rattling rebound.

RECITATIVE.

Strike, strike the soft Judaic harp,
Soft and sharp,
By teeth coercive in firm durance kept,
And lightly by the volant finger swept.

AIR.

Buzzing twangs the iron lyre,
Shrilly thrilling,
Trembling, thrilling.
Whizzing with the wav'ring wire.

A GRAND SYMPHONY,
Accompanied with marrow-bones and cleavers.

AIR.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
Make clanging cleavers ring,
With a ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
Raise your uplifted arms on high;
In long prolonged tones
Let cleavers sound
A merry merry round
By banging marrow bones.

FULL CHORUS.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
Make clanging cleavers ring;
With a ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
Raise your uplifted arms on high;
In long-prolonged tones
Let cleavers sound
A merry merry round
By banging marrow-bones.

RECITATIVE,
Accompanied.

Cease lighter numbers: hither bring
The undulating string

Stretch'd out, and to the tumid bladder
In amity harmonious bound;
Then deeper swell the notes and sadder,
And let the hoarse bass slowly solemn sound.

AIR.

With dead, dull, doleful, heavy hum
With mournful moans,
And grievous groans,
The sober hurdy-gurdy thrums.

PART II.

RECITATIVE,

Accompanied.

WITH magic sounds, like these, did Orpheus' lyre
Motion, sense, and life inspire;
When, as he play'd, the list'ning flood
Still'd its loquacious waves, and silent stood;
The trees, swift-bounding danc'd with loosen'd stumps,
And sluggish stones caper'd in active jumps.

AIR.

Each ruddy-breasted robbin
The concert bore a bob in,
And ev'ry hooting owl around;
The croaking frogs,
The grunting hogs,
All, all conspir'd to raise th' enliv'ning sound.

RECITATIVE.

Now to Cecilia, heav'nly maid,
Your loud united voices raise,
With solemn hymns to celebrate her praise,
Each instrument shall lend its aid.
The salt-box with clattering and clapping shall sound,
The iron lyre
Buzzing twang with wav'ring wire,

With heavy hum
The sober hurdy-gurdy thrum,
And the merry merry marrow-bones ring round.

LAST GRAND CHORUS.

Such matchless strains Cecilia knew,
When audience from their heav'nly sphere,
By harmony's strong pow'r, she drew,
Whilst list'ning Angels gladly stoop'd to hear.

ODE XI.

ON

THE DEATH

OF A

YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

EMINENT FOR HIS SKILL IN MUSIC.

SAY, for my theme, what numbers shall I chuse?
Shall I to Pindar's flights aspire,
And imitate his heavenly fire?
Or smoother verses write,
And some soft elegy indite?
To Pindar's flights aspire, my Muse;
Unfetter'd there, unbounded may'st thou rove;
There best express thy grief and love;
There no scant limits know,
But in free torrents flow,
Free as thy tears, and boundless as thy woe.

Must then the Grave insatiate reign?
Must Fate this too tyrannic sway maintain?

And must the learn'd, the good, the young,
Be the sad subject of a funeral song?
Now Death, we find, can never spare,
Since he hath snatch'd this youth away,
Since he can thus our bliss annoy,
And so much harmony destroy;
For sure all harmony dwelt there.
In that fair piece of animated clay
Nature had exquisitely form'd each part,
Resolv'd at last to conquer Art.
She labor'd every member to refine,
And made each feature seem divine:
Yet did her want of strength betray,
It was too fine to last, and hasten'd to decay.

Nor was his soul ill-suited with his face,
Each virtue flourish'd there, and every grace;
Yet more than all humility took place.
His virtue and his pleasing air
Rais'd joy and wonder in the fair:
These charms he learn'd with music to improve,
Music the food of love.
When Orpheus to the forests took his way,
Touch'd his mute lyre, and wak'd the sleeping lay,
The savages came crouding round,
And listening oaks admir'd the tuneful sound:
This youth a harder task perform'd,
Whene'er he play'd each icy breast he warm'd,
While o'er the strings his flying fingers rove,
Each heart kept time, and every pulse beat love.

Tho' blest with all these charms, he breathless lies—
Here draw a veil, my Muse—then see him rise
An infant star just lighted in the skies.
There David and Cecilia meet
The new-born Saint, with joy they greet
His coming, and his strains improve,
Teach his already well-taught lyre
A note yet higher,
To sing the mighty source of power and love.
There does he praises sing
To Heaven's eternal King,
There tunes to melody his harp so well,
That Angels only can his notes excell.

ODE XII.

FOR MUSIC.

BY SIR JAMES MARRIOT. BART.

HARK! through yon fretted vaults and lofty spires
Peal the deep organs to the sacred quires;
And now the full, the loud hosannas rise,
Float in the winds, and roll along the skies;
The solemn sounds Devotion's ardour raise;
Now mounts the spirit with diviner blaze;
Heaven opens; earth recedes; and Nature feels
The ray that fir'd the prophet's glowing wheels:
In fiery pomp bright seraphs quit the sky,
And wrap the soul in holy ecstacy;
While round the sapphire throne th' ethereal train
Adoring prostrate raise the lofty strain:

I.

Arise, O Lord, arise!
In all thy awful glory stand confest;
In thee for ever blest,
Behold thy servants veil their dazzled eyes:

Night hath for thee no shades;
Alike to thee appears the orient day;
While one vast light, one inexhausted ray
Of thy effulgent power the whole pervades.
Then whether shall we stray,
Where of thy forming hand no trace is found?
Above, beneath, around,
The mighty voice is heard;
Where'er the hills are rear'd,
Where spreads the vaulted sky,
Or foams the deep profound;
Through Nature's utmost bound
To us her works reply,
Proclaim a parent God, a present Deity.

II.

Creation's praise is least,
Nature's Restorer, to preserve is thine:
Whose awful voice divine
Created all: when Discord heard, and ceas'd;
For it is thine to bind
The moral chain of Order's perfect law,
And to their course the swerving motions draw
Of changeful things, and erring human kind.
Death with insatiate jaw
Gnash'd oft his iron fang, and by his side
Stalking with ample stride,
Vice rear'd his giant size,
Up-towering to the skies.

The mourning earth was waste;
Confusion roll'd her tide;
When down the Virtues glide;
Soft Mercies urg'd their haste,
And o'er the bleeding world the sacred mantle cast.

III.

Beyond created sense
Mysterious goodness, hid in deepest night!
In vain our feeble sight
Would pierce the gloom, O mighty Providence!
Where the deep mazes meet
Beneath thy awful throne no eye hath seen,
Where wrapt in darkness sits thy power serene,
And the loud thunders roll beneath thy feet.
O, when shall close the scene!
And Hope be lost in Truth's wide-bursting ray?
O haste, auspicious day!
O haste to light on earth
Great Nature's second birth;
New inmate of the skies,
When man renew'd shall shine
With innocence divine!
And blest Obedience rise
To snatch the palm that crowns her faithful victories.

ODE XIII.

THE

CURE OF SAUL.

COMPOSED FOR MUSIC.

BY JOHN BROWN, D.D.

"VENGEANCE, arise from thy infernal bed,
"And pour thy tempest on his guilty head!"
Thus Heav'n's decree, in thunder's sound,
Shook the dark abyss profound.—
The unchain'd Furies come!
Pale Melancholy stalks from hell:
Th' abhortive offspring of her womb,
Despair and Anguish, round her yell.
By sleepless terror Saul possess'd,
Deep feels the fiend within his tortur'd breast.
Midnight spectres round him howl:
Before his eyes
In troops they rise;
And seas of horror overwhelm his soul.

Haste! to Jesse's son repair:
He best can sweep the lyre,
Wake the solemn-sounding air,
And lead the vocal choir:
On every string soft-breathing raptures dwell,
To sooth the throbbings of the troubled breast;
Whose magic voice can bid the tides of passion swell,
Or lull the raging storm to rest.

Sunk on his couch, and loathing day,
The heaven-forsaken monarch lay:
To the sad couch the shepherd now drew near;
And, while th' obedient choir stood round,
Prepar'd to catch the soul-commanding sound,
He dropp'd a generous tear.—
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart!
For lo, thy poison'd arrows drink his heart!

The mighty song from chaos rose.—
Around his throne the formless atoms sleep,
And drowzy Darkness broods upon the deep:—
Confusion, wake!
Bid the realms of Chaos shake!
Rouse him from his dread repose!
Hark! loud Discord breaks her chain:
The hostile atoms clash with deaf'ning roar:
Her hoarse voice thunders thro' the drear domain,
And kindles every element to war.—

"Tumult cease!
"Sink to peace!
"Let there be light!"—th' Almighty said:
And lo, the radiant Sun,
Flaming from his orient bed,
His endless course begun.
See the twinkling Pleiads rise:
Thy star, Orion, reddens in the skies:
While slow around the northern plain,
Arcturus wheels his nightly wane.

Thy glories, too, refulgent moon, he sung;
Thy mystic mazes, and thy changeful ray;
O fairest of the starry throng!
Thy solemn orb of light
Guides the triumphant car of Night
O'er silver clouds, and sheds a softer day!

Ye planets, and each circling constellation,
In songs harmonious tell your generation!
Oh, while yon radiant Seraph turns the spheres,
And on the stedfast pole-star stands sublime;
Wheel your rounds
To heavenly sounds;
And sooth his song-enchanted ears
With your celestial chime.

In dumb surprise the list'ning monarch lay;
(His woe suspended by sweet Music's sway;)

And awe-struck, with uplifted eye
Mus'd on the new-born wonders of the sky.

Lead the soothing verse along:
He feels, he feels the power of song—
Ocean hastens to his bed:
The lab'ring mountain rears his rock-encumber'd head:
Down his steep and shaggy side
The torrent rolls his thundering tide:
Then smooth and clear, along the fertile plain
Winds his majestic waters to the distant main.
Flocks and herds the hills adorn:
The lark, high-soaring, hails the morn.
And while along yon crimson-clouded steep
The slow sun steals into the golden deep,
Hark! the solemn nightingale
Warbles to the woodland dale.
See, descending Angels shower
Heaven's own bliss on Eden's bower:
Peace on Nature's lap reposes;
Pleasure strews her guiltless roses:
Joys divine in circles move,
Link'd with Innocence and Love.
Hail, happy Love, with Innocence combin'd!
All hail, ye sinless parents of mankind!

They paus'd:—the monarch, prostrate on his bed,
Submissive, bow'd his head;
Ador'd the works of boundless Power divine:

Then, anguish-struck, he cry'd, and smote his breast,
Why, why is peace the welcome guest
Of every heart but mine?

Now let the solemn numbers flow,
'Till he feel that guilt is woe.
Heavenly harp, in mournful strain,
O'er yon weeping bower complain:
What sounds of bitter pangs I hear!
What lamentations wound mine ear!
In vain, devoted pair, these tears ye shed:
Peace with Innocence is fled.
The messengers of Grace depart:
Death glares, and shakes the dreadful dart!
Ah, whither fly ye, by yourselves abhorr'd,
To shun that frowning cherub's fiery sword?—
Lo!
Hapless, hapless pair,
Goaded by despair,
Forlorn, thro' desart climes they go!
Wake, my lyre! can Pity sleep,
When Heaven is mov'd, and Angels weep!
Flow, ye melting numbers, flow;
Till he feel that guilt is woe.—

The king, with pride, and shame, and anguish, torn,
Shot fury from his eyes, and scorn.
The glowing youth,
Bold in truth,

(So still should Virtue guilty power engage)
With brow undaunted met his rage.
See his cheek kindles into generous fire:
Stern, he bends him o'er his lyre;
And, while the doom of guilt he sings,
Shakes horror from the tortur'd strings.
What sounds of terror and distress
Rend yon howling wilderness!
The dreadful thunders sound;
The forked lightnings flash along the ground.
Why yawns that deep'ning gulph below?—
'Tis for Heaven's rebellious foe:—
Fly, ye sons of Israel, fly,
Who dwells in Korah's guilty tents must die!—
They sink!—Have mercy, Lord!—Their cries
In dreadful tumult rise!
Hark, from the deep their loud laments I hear!
They lessen now, and lessen on the ear!
Now, destruction's strife is o'er!
The countless host
For ever lost!
The gulph is clos'd!—Their cries are heard no more!—

But oh, my lyre, what accents can relate
Sinful man's appointed fate!
He comes, he comes! th' avenging God!
Clouds and darkness round him roll:
Tremble, earth! Ye mountains, nod!

He bows the skies, and shakes the pole.
The gloomy banners of his wrath unfurl'd,
He calls the floods, to drown a guilty world:
" Ruin, lift thy baleful head;
" Rouse the guilty world from sleep:
" Lead up thy billows from their cavern'd bed,
" And burst the rocks that chain thee in the deep."—
Now, th' impetuous torrents rise;
The hoarse-ascending deluge roars:
Down rush the cataracts from the skies;
The swelling waves o'erwhelm the shores.
Just, O God, is thy decree!
Shall guilty man contend with thee?
Lo, Hate and Envy, sea-entomb'd,
And Rage with Lust in ruin sleep;
And scoffing Luxury is doom'd
To glut the vast and ravenous deep!—
In vain from fate th' astonish'd remnant flies:—
" Shrink, ye rocks! Ye oceans, rise!"—
The tottering cliffs no more the floods controul;
Sea following sea ingulphs the ball:
O'er the sunk hills the wat'ry mountains roll,
And wide Destruction swallows all:
Now fiercer let th' impassion'd numbers glow:
Swell the song, ye mighty choir!
Wing your dreadful darts with fire!
Hear me, monarch!—Guilt is woe!—

Thus while the frowning shepherd pour'd along
The deep impetuous torrent of his song;

Saul, stung by dire despair,
Gnash'd his teeth, and tore his hair:
From his blood, by horror chill'd,
A cold and agonizing sweat distill'd:
Then, foaming with unutterable smart,
He aim'd a dagger at his heart.
His watchful train prevent the blow;
And call each lenient balm to sooth his frantic woe:
But pleas'd, the shepherd now beheld
His pride by Heaven's own terrors quell'd:
Then bade his potent lyre controul
The mighty storm that rent his soul.

Cease your cares: the body's pain
A sweet relief may find:
But gums and lenient balms are vain,
To heal the wounded mind.
Come, fair Repentance, from the skies,
O sainted maid, with up-cast eyes!
Descend, in thy celestial shrowd,
Vested in a weeping cloud!
Holy guide, descend, and bring
Mercy from th' Eternal King!
To his soul your beams impart,
And whisper comfort to his heart!—

They come: O King, thine ear incline!
Listen to their voice divine:
Their voice shall every pang compose,
To gentle sorrow sooth thy woes;

Till each pure wish to Heaven shall soar,
And Peace return, to part no more!

Behold, obedient to their great command,
The lifted dagger quits his trembling hand:
Smooth'd is his brow, where sullen Care
And furrow'd Horror couch'd with fell Despair:
No more his eyes with fury glow;
But heavenly grief succeeds to hell-born woe.—
See, the signs of grace appear:
See the soft relenting tear,
Trickling at sweet Mercy's call!
Catch it, Angels, ere it fall!
And let the heart-sent offering rise,
Heaven's best-accepted sacrifice!—

Yet, yet again?—Ah see, the pang returns!
Again with inward fire his heaving bosom burns!
Now, shepherd, wake a mightier strain;
Search the deep, heart-rending pain;
Till the large floods of sorrow roll,
And quench the tortures of his soul.
Almighty Lord, accept his pang sincere!
Let heavenly hope dispel each dark temptation!
And, while he pours the penitential tear,
O visit him with thy salvation!——

Stoop from Heaven, ye raptur'd throng:
Sink, ye swelling tides of song!

For lo! dissolv'd by Music's melting power,
Celestial Sorrow rolls her plenteous shower;
O'er his wan cheek the colours rise,
And beams of comfort brighten in his eyes.
Happy king, thy woes are o'er!
Thy God shall wound thy soul no more:
The pitying Father of mankind
Meets the pure-returning mind.
No more shall black Despair afflict his soul:
Each gentler sound, ye shepherds, now combine:
Sweetly let the numbers roll:
Sooth him into hope divine.
Now lowly let the rustic measure glide,
To quell the dark remains of self-consuming Pride;
Till Nature's home-sprung blessings he confess,
And own that calm content is happiness.—
Ye woods and lakes, ye cliffs and mountains!
Haunted grots, and living fountains!
Listen to your shepherd's lay,
Whose artless carols close the day.
Bounding kids around him throng;
The steep rock echoes back his song:
While all unseen to mortal eye,
Sliding down the evening sky,
Holy Peace, tho' born above,
Daughter of Innocence and Love,
Quits her throne and mansion bright,
Her crown of stars, and robe of light,
Serene, in gentle smiles array'd,

To dwell beneath his palm-tree shade.
Hail, meek Angel! awful guest!
Still pour thy radiance o'er my breast!
Pride and Hate in courts may shine:
The shepherd's calm and blameless tent is thine!—

Softly, softly breathe your numbers;
And wrap his weary'd soul in slumbers!
Gentle Sleep, becalm his breast,
And close his eyes in healing rest!
Descend, celestial visions, ye who wait,
God's ministring powers, at Heaven's eternal gate!
Ye, who nightly vigils keep,
And rule the silent realms of Sleep,
Exalt the just to joys refin'd,
And plunge in woe the guilty mind;
Descend!—Oh, waft him to the skies,
And open all Heaven's glories to his eyes!
Beyond yon starry roof, by seraphs trod,
Where Light's unclouded fountains blaze;
Where choirs immortal hymn their God,
Intranc'd in ecstacy of ceaseless praise.
Angels, heal his anguish!
Your harps and voices join!
His grief to bliss shall languish,
When sooth'd by sounds divine.

Behold, with dawning joy each feature glows!
See, the blissful tear o'erflows!—

The fiend is fled!—Let Music's rapture rise:
Now Harmony, thy every nerve employ:
Shake the dome, and pierce the skies:
Wake him, wake him into joy.—

What power can every Passion's throne controul?
What power can boast the charm divine,
To still the tempest of the soul?
Celestial Harmony, that mighty charm is thine!
She, heavenly-born, came down to visit earth,
When from God's eternal throne
The beam of all-creative Wisdom shone,
And spake fair Order into birth.
At Wisdom's call she rob'd yon glittering skies,
Attun'd the spheres, and taught consenting orbs to rise.
Angels rapt in wonder stood,
And saw that all was fair, and all was good.
'Twas then, ye sons of God, in bright array
Ye shouted o'er creation's day:
Then kindling into joy,
The morning stars together sung:
And thro' the vast ethereal sky
Seraphic hymns and loud hosannahs rung.

ODE XIV.

IN

PRAISE OF MUSIC.

COMPOSED BY MR. CHARLES KING,

FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC;

Performed at the Theatre in Oxford, on Friday, July 11, 1707.

PROBABLY WRITTEN

BY EDMUND SMITH, M. A.

MUSIC, soft charm of Heaven and Earth,
Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date?
Sire to thyself, thyself as old as Fate,
Ere the rude ponderous mass
Of earth and waters from their chaos sprang
The morning stars their anthems sang,
And nought in Heaven was heard but melody and love.

Myriads of spirits, forms divine,
The Seraphim, with the bright host
Of Angels, Thrones, and Heavenly Powers,
Worship before th' Eternal Shrine;

Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boast,
In love and wonder pass their blissful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine,
The massy orb in which we sluggards move,
As if sequester'd from the arts divine:
Here's Music too,
As ours a rival were to th' world above.

CHORUS, FIVE VOICES.

Hark how the feather'd choir their matins chant,
And purling streams soft accents vent,
And all both time and measure know.
E'er since the Theban bard, to prove
The wondrous magic of his art,
Taught trees and forests how to move,
All Nature has a general concert held,
Each creature strives to bear a part;
And all but Death and Hell to conquering Muse yield.

But stay, I hear, methinks, a motley crew,
A peevish, odd, eccentric race
The glory of the art debase;
Perhaps because the sacred emblem 'tis
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too;
So dangerous 'tis to be perversely wise.
But be they ever in the wrong,
Who say the Prophet's harp e'er spoil'd the Poet's song!

GRAND CHORUS, FIVE PARTS.

To Athens now, my Muse, retire,
The refuge and the theatre of wit;
And in that safe and sweet retreat,
Amongst Apollo's sons, enquire,
And see if any friend of thine be there:
But sure so near the Thespian spring
The humblest bard may sit and sing:
Here rest my Muse, and dwell for ever here.

ODE XV.

ARION.

BY SIR JAMES MARRIOT.

I.

QUEEN of each sacred sound, sweet child of air,
Who, sitting thron'd upon the vaulted sky,
Dost catch the notes which undulating fly,
Oft wafted up to thy exalted sphere,
On the soft bosom of each rolling cloud,
Charming thy list'ning ear
With strains that bid the panting lover die:
Or laughing mirth, or tender grief inspire,
Or with full chorus loud
Which lift our holy hope, or fan the hero's fire:
Enchanting Harmony, 'tis thine to cheer
The soul by woe which sinks opprest,
From sorrow's eye to wipe the tear,
And on the bleeding wound to pour the balmy rest.

II.

'Twas when the winds were roaring loud,
And Ocean swell'd his billows high,
By savage hands condemn'd to die,

Rais'd on the stem the trembling Lesbian stood;
All pale he heard the tempest blow,
As on the watery grave below
He fix'd his weeping eye.
Ah! hateful lust of impious gold,
What can thy mighty rage withhold.
Deaf to the melting powers of Harmony!
But ere the bard unpitied dies,
Again his soothing art he tries,
Again he sweeps the strings,
Slowly sad the notes arise,
While thus in plaintive sounds the sweet musician sings.

III.

From beneath the coral cave
Circled with the silver wave,
Where, with wreaths of emerald crown'd,
Ye lead the festive dance around,
Daughters of Venus, hear, and save.
Ye Tritons, hear, whose blast can swell
With mighty sounds the twisted shell;
And you, ye sister Syrens, hear,
Ever beauteous, ever sweet,
Who lull the list'ning pilot's ear
With magic song, and softly breath'd deceit.
By all the Gods who subject roll
From gushing urns their tribute to the main,
By him who bids the winds to roar,
By him whose trident shakes the shore,
e'er for you I raise the sacred strain

When pious mariners your power adore,
Daughters of Nereus, hear and save.

IV.

He sung, and from the coral cave,
Circled with the silver wave,
With pitying ear
The Nereids hear.
Gently the waters flowing,
The winds now ceas'd their blowing,
In silence listening to his tuneful lay.
Around the bark's sea-beaten side
The sacred dolphin play'd,
And sportive dash'd the briny tide:
The joyous omen soon the bard survey'd,
Nor fear'd with bolder leap to try the watery way.
On his scaly back now riding,
O'er the curling billow gliding,
Again with bold triumphant hand
He bade the notes aspire,
Again to joy attun'd the lyre,
Forgot each danger past, and reach'd secure the land.

ODE XVI.

ON

ANCIENT AND MODERN MUSIC.

BY GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

WHEN Father Orpheus wanted sport, he,
By touching his piano-forte,
Drew out his beasts by millions:
Hinds with high heads each other butted,
Pigs "en pas grave," like *** *** strutted,
Cows caper'd in cotillions.

Amphion too (though by the bye
This sounds extremely like a lye)
Could animate earth, air, and water,
Melt the hard hearts of brick and mortar,
Make stocks and stones so very supple,
They'd lead up ten or twenty couple;
And grow, directed by their ears,
An house for pigs, or house for peers.

From hence, the lovers of antiquity
Do most maliciously assert
That Music, like a child that's rickety,
Is now degraded to the dirt,
And having lost the power to soar,
Is forc'd to creep upon all four:
Since not Giardini's self is able
To animate a chair or table;
Nor give it the most distant notion
Of plain and simple loco-motion.

But now the ancients have been heard,
We moderns sure may speak a word.
That the old music and the new
Are very different—is true:
Nay, they so widely disagree,
You might as properly compare
The war-whoop of a Cherokee
To such a hoop as ladies wear.
But first. It seems extremely clear,
That Harmony, which stones could hear,
Was such as only stones could bear.
That David, with his boasted music,
Would now make any but a Jew sick;
For sure 'twould cause a strange confusion
Still to begin with the conclusion:
E'en Aguiari's self would fail,
Spite of her boasted silver tail,
Should she in pityto the Jew,

Attempt to warble backwards too,
Your Messrs. Orpheus and Amphion,
With their confounded break-tooth words,
Might try their skill on beasts and birds,
Without a single bed to lie on.
For what might please the Greeks and Latins,
To our politer ears would sound
Just like an Abigail in pattens,
Parading o'er a stony ground.
Then for their instruments—you'll own,
They're far inferior to our own:
Unless they only chose to leave us
Those meanest instruments of chiming,
Tongs, pokers, marrow-bones, and cleavers,
And other followers of Hymen,
Basely condemning to the fire
The noble pipe, and nobler lyre.

Thus pedants, when we come to college,
With care suppress all useful knowledge;
Whip us, whenever we presume
To think what ne'er was thought at Rome,
And punish with the same severity
Both our posteriors and posterity.

But to conclude—Where'er you range
Or to St. James's or the Change,
To Portman-square or Leadenhall,
We're Dilettantis one and all.

By Music's charms, like those of Circé,
You'll see all moving vice versâ.
All, from the porter to the peer,
Or have, or think they have an ear,
Cits grow refin'd and spend their money,
And starve on soups and maccaroni.
The roughest, rudest country squire
Deserts his pipe and parlour fire;
His tenants want the sçavoir vivre,
The parson puts him in a fever;
To harmony a convert grown,
He swears he only breathes in town.
Now for new miracles prepare—
Behold that punch-bowl in the air!
That shame to ancient Greece and Rome,
'Twas music rais'd the pensile dome,
'Twas she that form'd our proud Casinos,
Our rooms for concerts and festinos,
Our villas in St. George's fields,
White Conduit House, and Bagnigge Wells.
As she directs, the artists rear
The Crescent, oblong, or the square,
The octagon with sides so small,
And Circus with no sides at all;
With every angle charm our eyes
That e'er the most consummate skil
Of great Vauban, or greater Gill,
Has form'd for ramparts or minc'd pies.

My hand is tir'd, my Muse is mute,
So ladies, who have heard our suit,
Please to determine the dispute.

ODE XVII.

THE TROPHY:

IN SIX CANTATAS.

TO THE HONOR OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND;

Expressing the just Sense of a grateful Nation, in the several Characters of

THE VOLUNTEER,	THE MUSICIAN,
THE POET,	THE SHEPHERD,
THE PAINTER,	THE RELIGIOUS.

BY BENJAMIN HOADLY, M.D.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. GREENE. 1746.

CANTATA I.

THE VOLUNTEER.

RECITATIVE.

DEEP in a forest's shadowy seat,
A youth enjoy'd his calm retreat,
Deaf to the din of civil rage,
And discord of the impious age;
When visionary sleep deprest
His drowsy lids, and thus alarm'd his rest:

Two rival forms immensely bright
Appear'd, and charm'd his mental sight;
Honor and Pleasure seem'd descending,
On each her various train attending,
Of decent, sober, great, and plain,
Of gay, fantastic, loud, and vain.
With confident yet charming grace,
Pleasure first brake the silence of the place.

AIR.

Enjoy with me this calm retreat,
Dissolv'd in ease thine hours shall flow:
With love alone thy heart shall beat,
And this be all th' alarms you know:
Cares to sooth, and life befriend,
Pleasures on your nod attend.

CHORUS.

Cares to sooth, and life befriend,
Pleasures on your nod attend.

RECITATIVE.

Her decent front straight Honor shew'd,
Where mingled scorn and anger glow'd;
Contempt of Pleasure's flow'ry reign,
Enrag'd at all her abject train;
And thus in rapid strains exprest
The tumults of her honest breast:

AIR.

Rise, youth—thy country calls thee from thy shade;
Behold her tears,
And hear her cries;
Religion fears,
And Freedom dies,
Amid the horrors of War's dreadful trade.
Thy country groans: forego thy shade—
'Tis Honor calls thee to her aid.

CHORUS.

Thy country groans: forego thy shade—
'Tis Honor calls thee to her aid.

RECITATIVE.

The youth awoke—and starting wide,
Sleep, with its vision, left his side.
His soul th' idea fill'd alone:
The heroic form, the piercing tone
Of Honor on his memory play'd,
And all his heart confess'd the heav'nly maid.

AIR.

Sweet object of my choice,
Adieu, thou calm recess!
My bleeding Country's voice
Tears me from thy embrace.

From musing water-falls,
From shades and flow'ry meads,

'Tis virtuous Honor calls,
And princely WILLIAM leads.

From all a father's love,
From all a nation's care,
Behold where BRITAIN's Jove
Sends forth his God of war:

'Gainst mountains cap'd with snows,
'Gainst foul Rebellion's rage
The willing Hero goes
Gigantic war to wage.—
The gen'rous heart what flow'ry scenes can please,
Or tempt to waste his youth in useless ease!

CHORUS.

The gen'rous heart what flow'ry scenes can please,
Or tempt to waste his youth in useless ease!

CANTATA II.

THE POET.

AIR.

GIVE me, indulgent Muse, to rove
The mazes of thy laurell'd grove,
To chuse a wreath for WILLIAM's brow
Above Sybilla's golden bough.

RECITATIVE.

I walk—I wander here and there—
How can I chuse, where all is fair?
This I prefer, and that refuse—
Guide me, my still-inspiring Muse,
I said, and pluck'd the chosen wreath:
Large drops of blood distill'd beneath;
A sigh now shook the weeping tree,
And thus a vocal sound
Brake from the recent wound,
And set the form of beauteous Daphne free.

AIR.

Coy Daphne you behold in me;
For William's sake I willing bleed.
No wreath but this from Phoebus' tree
Is worthy him who Britain freed.
Less fair was Phoebus' chace for unsought fame,
Be his the wreath, who woo'd and won the dame.

CANTATA III.

THE PAINTER.

AIR.

SWEET mimic thou of Nature's face,
Thy pencil take, thy color spread;
On thy canvas curious trace
Every virtue, every grace,
That hovers round our WILLIAM's head.

RECITATIVE.

Let Victory before him fly,
And Fortitude with stedfast eye;
Let Prudence with her mirror haste,
Studious of future by the past;
With Industry in vigor blooming,
And Science knowing much, yet less assuming.
To group the piece, and swell the train,
With Hydra heads Rebellion draw,
Spouting at every vein
The blood of thousands slain;
Thousands too few to glut her rav'nous maw:
Paint her panting, sinking, dying,
Paint her sons at distance flying:
Paint Britannia full of smiles,
Scarce recover'd from her toils:

Paint Justice ready to avenge her pain,
Dragging the monster in her massy chain.
Near her paint Mercy crown'd: soft-smiling let her stand,
With arm out-stretch'd to stop her just, determin'd hand.

AIR.

Cease to declaim, the artist cries,
Of every virtue, every grace,—
See, by degrees the features rise:
Behold them all in WILLIAM's face.

CANTATA IV.

THE MUSICIAN.

RECITATIVE.

O VARIOUS power of magic strains,
To damp our joys and sooth our pains!
Every movement of the will
Obedient owns the artist's skill.
Thus in gay notes, and boastful words,
The master of the tuneful chords;
But soon he found his boast was air,
His love still blasted with despair,
And Chloe cold, or seeming cold,
To all the tuneful tales he told.

AIR.

To love when he tun'd the soft lyre,
It sigh'd, and it trembled in vain;
Tho' warm'd by his amorous fire,
The fair one ne'er answer'd his strain.

RECITATIVE.

Hear, cries the Artist, pow'r divine,
Great leader of the tuneful Nine;
Teach thy votary to swell
With love-inspiring strains the shell,
Such as please my Chloe best,
And easiest glide into her breast.

AIR.

No more I woo in warbling strains,
No more I sing the lover's pains
To cold and careless ears:
To warlike notes I tune the string,
The song to WILLIAM's praise I sing—
The nymph with rapture hears.

CANTATA V.

THE SHEPHERD.

RECITATIVE.

BENEATH an oak's indulgent shade
A shepherd at his ease was laid;
He pluck'd the bough, the wreath he wove,
Sacred to WILLIAM, and to Love,
And taught the vocal woods around
His name and Delia's to resound.

Of Peace restor'd the shepherd sung,
And Plenty smiling o'er the fields:
Of Peace restor'd the woodlands rung,
And all the sweets that quiet yields;
Of Love he sung and Delia's charms,
And all restor'd by WILLIAM's arms.

RECITATIVE.

Driv'n from his native soil belov'd,
By cost and care not unimprov'd,
A northern swain himself betook
To rest, in that sequester'd nook.
One fav'rite lamb escap'd the spoil,
The only meed of all his toil;
Which now, o'erspent, he drove before;
Now fondling in his bosom bore.

He heard, and straight the cause requir'd,
With wonder more than envy fir'd.

AIR.

Say, swain, by what good power
Thou wing'st the fleeting hour,
With strains that wonder move,
And tell of ease and love;
While I by war's alarms
Am forc'd from safety's arms;
From home and native air,
And all their social care.
Say, swain, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Again, replied the swain, repair
To northern fields and native air;
Again thy kindly home review,
And all its social cares renew.
Within what cave, or forest deep,
To grief indulgent, or to sleep,
Hast thou escap'd the gen'ral joy,
Sweet gift of BRITAIN's fav'rite BOY?

AIR.

'Twas WILLIAM's toil this leisure gave,
By him I tune my oaten reed,
By him yon golden harvests wave,
By him these herds in safety feed:

Him shall our grateful songs declare
Ever to British shepherds dear.

DUET.

Him shall our grateful songs declare,
Ever to British shepherds dear.

CANTATA VI.

THE RELIGIOUS.

RECITATIVE.

HERE, tyrant Superstition, ugly fiend,
Harpy with an angel's face,
Monster in Religion's dress,
Thy impious pray'rs and bloody visions end.

Hence, with thy sister Persecution, go—
Hence with all her pleasing dreams
Of martyrs' groans, and virgins' screams,
The stretching rack, and horrid wheel,
Slow fires, and consecrated steel,
And every priestly implement of woe,
And every threaten'd tool of hoodwink'd zeal,
Ingenious Rome can find, or tortur'd Nature feel.

AIR.

From Britain's happier clime repair
To southern suns and slavish air—
To empty halls,
To midnight bells,
To cloister'd walls,
To gloomy cells,
Where moping Melancholy dwells—

WILLIAM's name shall reach you there,
And sink your souls with black despair.

RECITATIVE.

The Hero comes, and with him brings
Fair Hope, that soars on Cherub's wings;
Firm Faith attends with stedfast eye,
Intent on things above the sky,
To mortal ken unknown; and she,
Meek and seemly, kind and free,
Ever hoping, still believing,
Still forbearing, still forgiving,
Greatest of the heavenly Three.

AIR.

Britons, join the godlike train,
Learn, that all but Truth is vain,
And to her lyre attune your joy:
No gifts so pure as those she brings,
No notes so sweet as those she sings,
To praise the heav'nly-favor'd BOY.

ODE XVIII.

FOR MUSIC.

ON OPENING THE NEW REGENT HOUSE AT THE PUBLIC COMMENCEMENT AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, L.L.D. 1730.

GODDESS of the Brave and Wise,
On whose divided Empire wait
The martial triumphs of the Great,
And all the tuneful throng
That wake the vocal chord, and shape the flying song!
A while successive to thy trust
Let BRITAIN's Genius, great and just,
The fate of Empires guard:
A while let Arts, thy other care,
To toils of Glory be preferr'd;
And say, amidst the waste of war,
Did ever to thy wondering eyes
A fairer scene of triumph rise?
Then swell the verse, and let it be
Sacred to Science, Harmony, and Thee.

Let widow'd Empires speak thy sterner sway,
The mouldering arch, the ruin large,

The column faithless to its charge,
And bitter waste that marks the Conqueror's way:
But be thy softer, better praise,
Be thine, and MUSIC's toil to raise,
To mend the soul, and melt the heart:
MUSIC! the Founder Art,
MUSIC! the soul of Verse, and friend of Peace.

Who pois'd the well-tun'd spheres,
And led the chorus of the circling years,
When Chaos held distemper'd sway,
And jarring atoms, Cold and Heat,
The Light, the Grave, the Dry, the Wet,
In sullen discord lay?
'Twas Harmony, 'twas Builder Harmony:
'Twas Harmony compos'd this concert frame,
'Twas Harmony which upwards flung the active flame,
Prescrib'd the air in middle space to flow,
And bade the wave and grosser earth subside below.
Then all yon tuneful restless Choir
Began their radiant journeys to advance,
And with unerring symphony to roll the central dance.

CHORUS.

Whilst we the measur'd song decree,
Builder Harmony, to thee,
Tune every chord, and every note inspire.

But hark! Amphion shakes the yielding strings,
And animated rocks around him throng,

The Marble from his veiny cavern springs,
The Flint forsakes his drowsy cell,
And, all obsequious to the potent spell,
Hears the commanding strings, and listens to the song.
'Twas, Cadmus, thine the elder fate,
To mould the infant growing state;
But Dirce still laments the fenceless shed,
Still Thebes inglorious rears her towerless head.
There wants the vocal Patriot yet
To make thy labors by his own complete,
And fix the Warrior's and the Muse's seat.

Now by the sweetly-plaintive lute,
Warbling broken faith and slighted love:
By the sprightly violin and mellow flute,
That teach the measur'd dance to move:
By the hallow'd fire,
That shakes the Prophet's harp, and strings the Poet's lyre;
By the trumpet's loud alarms,
That rouse the nations up to arms:
By holy strains that deep-mouth'd organs blow,
To whom the pious use is given
To wing the silent glowing vow,
And waft the raptur'd saint to Heaven:
Be, MUSIC, thy peculiar care
To shed thy choicest blessings here;
Let every Muse and every Grace,
Soft-smiling Joy and rosy Peace,
And all the verdant, faithful train,

That wait thy balmy, happy reign,
With tuneful Seraphs guard the hallow'd place.

So when, at Britain's wide command,
The Austrian Eagle learns to fear,
The pile to thee shall sacred stand,
Thy genial empire founded here.
Then every arch, with faithful verse
Inscrib'd, shall joyfully rehearse
How Granta's arts with Britain's conquests swell:
Then thou, beneath her guardian wing,
To either praise shalt tune the string,
And Britain's glories shall inform the shell.

ODE XIX.

ON THE

ARRIVAL AT CAMBRIDGE

OF HIS GRACE

THOMAS HOLLES, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

CHANCELLOR OF THAT UNIVERSITY,

JUNE 14, 1753.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M.A.

FROM the moss-grown coral cave
Circled by the silver wave,
Where, to thy adoring eyes,
Oft thy laurel'd sons arise,
Father Camus, haste and hear!
Haste, hither haste, and to thy favorite mead
The blithesome band of sister Naiads lead!
For see! from rural joys and public cares,
From Esher's peaceful grove,
And Claremont's proud alcove,
From Freedom's council and Britannia's king,
Once more to thy Castalian spring
The guardian of the Muse repairs:
O'er yon embroider'd plain,
With patriots in his train,

Propt on thy sculptur'd urn behold him stray!
When Athens call'd, could Rome detain,
Or Tusculum delay?
Haste then, and hail the happy hour
That to thy fragrant bower,
To Granta and the Nine,
Such sons, such patriots gave, and made a Holles thine.

In some sequester'd shade,
Attended by the tuneful maid,
Pleas'd let me catch the plausive song
Of all the sister arts that round him throng,
When, with a golden emblematic prize,
He decks each blushing youth,
Who conquer'd in the lists of fame,
By Science favor'd, and approv'd by Truth:
Since strength of genius far outvies
The body's brutal force,
Since one excursion of the mind exceeds
The swiftest sallies of victorious steeds,
Less glorious were the boughs,
Which, at the boasted Grecian games,
Adorn'd a Theron's or a Hiero's brows,
Tho' Pindar's lofty lays immortalize their names.
From thee, great friend of virtue's cause,
What various blessings flow!
To thy unwearied zeal the Muses owe,
That, check'd with just control
By salutary laws,

Youth's rapid streams serenely roll,
For Discipline resumes her wide command,
And dauntless rules with unrelaxing hand.

Even now, aspiring to the sky,
A long-wish'd structure strikes my sight
With wonder and delight,
Piercing the vale of dark futurity!
For soon shall Camus' glassy stream
Reflect a rising dome,
Worthy Athens, worthy Rome,
Worthy Phœbus' blissful seat,
Worthy Pelham's lov'd retreat,
The Muse's glory, and the Poet's theme.

O Granta, with majestic mien
Advance, and hail the sacred scene!
Let Music leave her airy tower,
And breathe the softest strains;
Let Fragrance quit her myrtle bower,
And range the flowery plains:
She shall her choicest incense shed
Round Holles' honor'd head,
While George's praises Music shall proclaim,
And warble to the groves their sovereign's name.

Shall we our tributary lays deny,
When he, still mindful of the Nine,
(Who long have left their native sky,

Charm'd with the glories of the Brunswick line)
Pours forth his treasures, to complete
The grandeur of their favorite seat;
And bids their domes with Parian lustre shine?
His bright example shall their sons inspire,
The great, the wealthy fire,
And raise to loftiest heights their towering fame.

O Camus, thro' thy laurel shade,
Tho' kings and statesmen oft have stray'd;
Tho' in these groves, with patriot hand,
Sage Burleigh bore the olive wand,
And on thy borders, crown'd with bay,
Eliza heard the Muse's lay;
Once more exalt thy ready brows, for see!
Tho' charg'd with Europe's fate,
The noble and the great,
The statesman and the prince, remember thee.

ODE XX.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE MUSICAL CLUB IN CAMBRIDGE, 1700.

BY SAMUEL COBB, M.A.

TO VENUS.

COME, Cytherea, from thy Paphian bower,
Bring every grace, and every smile,
To favor the Britannic isle,
And listen while we celebrate thy power.
Upon the dewy ground,
With flowery garlands crown'd,
Thy sweet Adonis lays his head,
With blushing roses round him spread,
And opening lilies for his bed.

Hark! he calls in Music's voice:
With amorous talk the prattling strings
Resound, and thy Adonis sings,
While the loud trumpet's sprightly noise
Wakes the brisk violin, and soft flute,
And manly viol to dispute
The conquest, and with triumph gains the cause.

CHORUS.

Come, Cytherea, come, we all agree,
That Love and Music make the world's sweet harmony.
Prolific Queen! from Heaven descend,
Mount thy gay chariot drawn by milky doves,
With all thy little troop of Loves,
Which fill thy train, thy court attend.
She comes! she comes! prepare the glorious way
With Music, and salute the day.
Her wanton sparrows first appear,
And celebrate the new-born year.
The lark repeats her lofty song;
And, stretching out her mounting wings,
By weary steps to Heaven she springs,
And strikes it with her tongue.
While the shrill linnet tunes her silver throat,
And Philomel instructs her warbling young
With melancholy note.

Venus obeys the signal sound:
She views the sunny hills around,
And from the sky descends to bless the pregnant ground.
The groves erect their branchy heads;
And, when new liquid life she pours,
The healing plants and fragrant flowers
Rise from their humid beds.
Numidian lions feel her gentle power;

And, soften'd into tenderness and love,
Lay down their fierceness, and forget to roar,
When o'er the howling wilderness they rove,
To seek their tawny paramour;
Th' untroubled ocean flows
With a serener tide;
Tritons above the waves, emergent, ride,
And each his rattling coral blows.
Come, Goddess, and exert thy reign:
At thy approach large phocae play,
Submitting to thy easy sway;
And all the scaly people of the main,
Thee, sea-born Queen, obey.

Love like a subtle poison creeps
On man, and there his empire keeps.
Rise, Anthony, repair thy ruin'd fame,
And waken to a nobler flame.
The trumpet calls thee, and the drum
Rattles; Octavius and the Romans come,
To find a second Actium.
Lo! rous'd from his deep lethargy,
Horrid in steel the hero shines afar,
Like Mars, when rushing to the war:
But Venus smiles to see.
By Venus taught, th' Egyptian Queen prepares
Softer music, tender airs.
Delighted Cupids clap their wings,
And temper all the magic strings.

Down, down the melting lover lies,
Lull'd in th' enchanting sorceress's arms,
He feels the witchraft of her eyes,
And true Egyptian charms.

What cannot Love and Music do?
Love sent the Thracian bard down to the shades below,
When to his lute the savages he drew,
And rapid rivers ceas'd to flow.
Thrice Eurydice he cried:
Hell thrice Eurydice replied.
Then on the steep insuperable hill
The stone of Sisyphus stood still,
And Music stopp'd the running wheel.
He sung, and play'd;
The Stygian Powers obey'd,
And from the pale infernal throng
Straight to his arms restor'd the beauteous shade,
So mighty was his love! so wondrous was his song!

ODE XXI.

TO VENUS,

A RANT, 1732.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. HAYES.

BY THOMAS LISLE, D.D.

RECITATIVE.

O GODDESS, most rever'd above,
Bright parent of almighty Love,
Whose power th' immortal Gods confess,
Hear and approve my fond address!
In melting softness I thy doves outvie,
Then teach me like thy swans to sing and fly;
So I thy vot'ry will for ever be;
My song, my life I'll consecrate to thee.

AIR.

Give me numbers strong and sweet,
Glowing language, pointed wit;
Words that might a Vestal move,
And melt a frozen heart to love.
Bid, bid thy blind boy
All his vigor employ;

On his wings would I soar up to fame:
'Tis but just, if he scorch
My breast with his torch,
In my wit too he kindle a flame.

RECITATIVE,

Trophies to Chastity let others raise,
In notes as cold as the dull thing they praise:
To rage like mine more sprightly themes belong:
Gay youth inspires, and beauty claims my song;
Me all the little Loves and Graces own;
For I was born to worship them alone.

AIR.

Tell not me the joys that wait
On him that's rich, on him that's great:
Wealth and wisdom I despise;
Cares surround the rich and wise.
No, no,—let love, let life be mine;
Bring me women, bring me wine;
Speed the dancing hours away,
And mind not what the grave ones say;
Speed and gild them as they fly
With love and freedom, wit and joy;
Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,
Give 'em to the fools I hate.

ODE XXII.

THE PASSION OF SAPPHO.

BY MR. HARRISON.

HAIL, sacred Muse, and vocal shell,
That wont the joys of Love to tell!
Now turn your songs to mournful strains,
My joys are fled, my Love remains.
Wanton Cupid, idle toyer,
Pleasing tyrant, soft destroyer,
Do not thus my heart control;
Phaon flies me far away,
Reason does renounce thy sway,
Yet contented I obey,
Ever raging,
Past assuaging,
Love possesses all my soul.

Beneath this sad and silent gloom
I waste my beauty, youth, and bloom:
But not the shades that banish day
Drive Phaon's brighter form away;

A youth so shap'd, with such a mien,
A front like that of Jove serene,
With sparkling eyes, and flowing hair,
And wit that ever charms the fair,
The spiteful Gods contriv'd for ruin,
And deck'd him thus for my undoing:
O the soft transporting pleasure,
When we yield our virgin treasure;
When we meet the joyous lover,
And an equal flame discover.
Nothing now to love denying,
Blushing, panting, melting, dying.
O the soft transporting bliss!
What is life—or fame to this?
I rave, I rave, unhappy maid;
That name my folly does upbraid:
To shame, remorse, and death betray'd,
What Power, what God can send relief?
Sicilian virgins, shun the arts
Whence my misfortunes rise:
With ease my Phaon conquers hearts,
With ease neglects the prize.
I dream, or in some rival's arms,
Forgetful of my rifled charms,
I behold the perjur'd boy:
Anguish waste,
Lightning blast,
Heaven forsake her,
Hell o'ertake her,
Ere she tastes the rising joy!

No; let her triumph, let her prize
The faithless wretch, whom I despise;
By his ingratitude set free,
I'll reap the sweet of liberty.
Mighty hero, could you leave me?
Did my charmer hope to grieve me?
Thus be all thy wishes blasted,
For no longer I adore thee;
Had thy love one moment lasted,
Happy I had chang'd before thee.
Wander, Phaon: so will I,
Roving, ranging,
Ever changing,
Gay and airy,
Form'd to vary;
I, to pain you,
Will disdain you,
And to nobler conquest fly.
Resentment, pride, and glowing shame,
Once guardians of my spotless fame,
By conquering Love though banish'd hence,
Again vouchafe me your defence,
Assert an empire late your own,
And shake the tyrant on his throne:
Support me, aid me, for I feel
My fainting resolution reel.
Doubt, thou certain state of sorrow,
We lose to-day, to wait to-morrow;
He may return, my Phaon may;
I cheat myself, why does he stay?

Shall Sappho, like a helpless maid,
Pine to death, of death afraid?
I've tried all female arts in vain,
Dissembled scorn and false disdain;
For oh! with real grief opprest,
I burn, and tempests shake my breast.
O what torments wound my heart!
Gentle Death, in pity take me,
And perform thy grateful duty:
Since my Phaon does forsake me,
To thy arms I yield my beauty,
Kinder then than Cupid's dart.

ODE XXIII.

ALMAHIDE.

BY HENRY ST. JOHN,

AFTERWARDS LORD BOLINGBROKE.

LONG had I wander'd from the Muse's seat,
Where, ever present to the Poet's eyes,
A thousand grateful objects rise;
Where all is gay, and all is sweet;
Where when past images we find,
By Memory with these combin'd,
She from her store of fading sense can move,
And frame no fancy but of joy and love;
Where every Muse, and every Grace resides,
The sacred temple where Apollo hides,
From the prophane or vulgar eyes,
His awful mysteries:
This blooming garden of the Delian God
Long since I left, new paths to try;
On rough uneven ground I trod,
And sought the gloomy dark abode
Of Wisdom and Philosophy.
From hence escap'd, with joy to thee I come;
Thee I re-visit, now my native home.

That magic land no more I'll tread,
Nor drink of those lethargic streams
That with their poison taint the blood,
And stop the sprightly purple flood;
That upward to the sickly head
Send lazy vapors, idle dreams.
Again I'll taste of the prophetic rill,
Which rises fast by the Pierian hill.
Phœbus all other nymphs forsook,
To chase Castalia, young and fair:
To bathe in her delightful waves,
All other waters now he leaves.
He loosens here his golden hair,
And plunges in the lucid brook.
Once the coy maid refus'd the grace,
And would not suffer his divine embrace:
Now, wiser grown, no more she'll fly,
But clasps the god, and hugs the naked deity.

As mariners their canvas wings distend,
Leaving the pole to every northern blast;
Southward their courses bend,
And, th' Arctic Circle past,
The Temperate Zone with pleasure meet,
With pleasure feel the growing heat;
And, as they nearer to him run,
Salute the long-abandon'd Sun:
Thus from the frozen skies,

Where once benumb'd she lay,
My Muse to milder regions flies,
And to Parnassus wings her way!

Methinks, already in my heart
I feel a secret warmth arise,
Which thence diffus'd to every vital part,
Glows in my face, and sparkles in my eyes.
I see the summit of the hill
With spires of glory crown'd;
And nearer now I see the mound,
Such was Apollo's will,
Rais'd by the Muses, to keep off the crowd
Of thronging Poets, insolent and loud;
Wretches, whom though he deign not to inspire,
Would yet be plac'd among the golden choir.
Here Garth appears, to whom consign'd
The double charge of Health and Wit we find.
Apollo, griev'd to see his arts disgrac'd,
Physic and Poetry at once debas'd,
Their sacred ends, for public good design'd,
Perverted to destroy and plague mankind,
To Garth the double charge imparts,
Of living Verse, and healing Arts.
Him when the God resolv'd to send,
He bid Hygeïa on his steps attend,
Bid every Muse and every Grace prepare
To warm the Bard with all their fires,
To join his song with all their lyres,
And make his matchless poem all their care.

But now arriv'd, I mount the sacred hill,
And joy and rapture all my senses fill.
My melancholy thoughts retire apace,
And fly like daemons from the place.
I feel, I feel the God return,
He takes possession of my breast,
And I with all his fury burn.
Again I feel the pleasing smart;
Love fills his ancient throne, my heart;
A charming tyrant, and a welcome guest.

I know you well, ye silent groves,
Conscious of my secret loves:
Tell me how often have I found,
Beneath your gentle shade,
In pensive act upon the ground,
The mournful STREPHON laid;
Strephon, the glory of our British plains,
The wish of all the nymphs, and envy of the swains.
How often have I heard his charming voice
Through all the neighbouring hills resound,
While greedy echoes catch the sound,
And to repeat the heavenly notes rejoice!
With Mira he begins his lays,
And ends them all in Mira's praise;
Nothing but MIRA dwells upon his tongue,
Charm of his heart, and subject of his song.
Her beauty and her verse alike succeed,
Nor can oblivion fear;

For after-ages shall with rapture read
What we with rapture hear.
The powerful lute, on which the Thracian play'd,
Was by the Muses to the skies convey'd;
One more bright star shall in the field appear,
And Granville's pen adorn the glittering sphere.

But, soft! I hear
The sounding lyre,
And see! the God is near,
And all the tuneful choir.
I've reach'd the towering height,
'Tis here the Muses stay;
From hence I'll take my flight,
And wing my airy way.
Aloft my Muse and I will go,
She scorns to aim at little things,
At heroes, or at kings:
She cannot stoop so low.
To Almahide address thy song,
It does of right to her belong.
Soar like the Theban swan on high,
Nor be afraid to venture nigh
The flaming region of the sky.

Go on, my Muse, go on:
Boldly approach the Sun;
And from his chariot-wheel
Attempt to steal

The sacred fire
That does the Gods inspire.
Then may'st thou in immortal lays
A more than mortal Beauty praise.
Or should thy melting pinions fail,
And I precipitate descend;
Should my unlucky stars prevail,
And give my days this fatal end;
Yet in the monuments of Fame
I shall secure a lasting name;
And to have dar'd a thing so great
Will place me far above the power of fate.
Then when I draw my latest breath,
Should Almahide vouchafe to smile,
That would compensate for my death,
And more than pay me for my toil.
Stay, foolish Muse, thy hurry stay?
Where will thy madness run?
To Almahide direct thy way,
And seek no other Sun.
'Tis she supplies,
With brighter eyes,
The distance of the God of Day.
When they are shut, in Britain then 'tis night,
And we eternal darkness fear;
But, when the radiant balls appear,
We feel their warmth, and bless the rising light.
Thus shall my theme my song inspire,
And heat my breast with double fire;

And thus my humble Genius raise
High as the Beauty that I praise.
Thus be my want of strength supplied!
Thus may she grant what Nature has denied!
I ask no inspiration but from Almahide.

In the world's early days,
When first Religion did appear;
Religion, which has cost mankind so dear;
When men began to raise
Gods to themselves, and then those Gods to fear,
Chose various Lords, and, tir'd of being free,
Of every Virtue fram'd a Deity:
Had Almahide been known,
Had she been born to shine,
They had ador'd no other shrine,
And she had rul'd the globe alone.
All these perfections are in her combin'd,
The form of Venus, and Diana's mind;
Her rays a lustre like the Sun's dispense,
And shed on all a bounteous influence.
A cruel glance from those fair eyes,
A word by her in anger spoke,
Gives more alarms
Than Jove in arms.
And swifter than his lightning flies,
And surer than his stroke.
Only below she could not dwell,
Or Hell would be no longer Hell.

At her approach the realms of woe
Would change their horrid face,
The burning flood forget to flow,
And Furies fly the place.
And see the lovely form appear
Before my ravish' d eyes,
Close to yon crystal stream the charmer lies.
Behold her, swains, behold her there;
Impending branches shield the Fair,
And beds of camomile the beauteous burden bear.
See, how, reclining on the grass,
In this clear brook, her faithful glass,
First she collects her scatter'd hair,
Then in tresses,
As she dresses,
Places every flower that's gay,
Places all the pride of May,
Not to adorn, but to compare.
In vain with her's their brightest colors vie;
The blushing rose
Its weakness knows,
And vanquish'd lilies own her victory.
Nor raises she her head, but, downward bent,
Approves her form, and, smilling, seems content.
Observe the troops of Loves
That swarm about the groves,
Lean on their wings, and hanging, in the air,
Mistake the nymph, and think their mother there.
Gently, sweet Zephyr, gently blow,

And make th' injurious mantle rise,
And wound our hearts, and please our eyes.
Unveil the nymph, dear wind, remove
Those clouds that hide this world of Love:
And see! the friendly breeze obeys,
Saluting he betrays.
Oh, give her slave to know
That sea of milk, those hills of snow,
And all the blissful vales of joy below.
He would, but can no more disclose;
Resisting robes oppose:
The thousand folds of that invidious vest
Inshrine their treasure and our sight arrest.
Corporeal eyes no farther reach:
But Fancy is not thus confin'd;
Fancy can enter through the smallest breach,
And through the subtile plaits a passage find.
Thus having pierc'd the screen,
Fancy relates what she has seen,
And tires the soul while she instructs the mind.
Thus we, fond wretches, court our fate,
And when the pointed darts
Increase the pains we might abate,
And plunge them in our hearts;
In vain we hope to find a cure,
No remedy is nigh:
Without relief we must endure,
And without pity die.

Fair Almahide gives love to all,
All that dare look her victims fall;
But she herself receives from none,
Or, what's the same to me, from One:
One happy man that dwells within those arms
Tastes all her joys, and rifles all her charms;
While dying crowds of Lovers stand,
And look, and gaze, and wish to share;
But Virtue with her magic wand
Encircles round the happy pair.
Thus when the Moon on Latian Latmus lay,
And rapt in pleasure laugh'd her hours away,
Her beauty and her light to all mankind
Without distinction shin'd;
But to Endymion was her love confin'd.

ODE XXIV.

ON

LYRIC POETRY.

BY SIR JAMES MARRIOT, BART.

I. 1.

INMATE of smoaking cots, whose rustic shed,
Within this humble bed,
Her twittering progeny contains,
The swallow sweeps the plains,
Or lightly skims from level lakes the dew.
The ringdove, ever true,
In plaintive accents tells of unrelenting fate,
Far from the raven's croak, and bird of night,
That shrieking wings her flight,
When, at his mutter'd rite,
Hid in the dusky desart vale,
With starting eye, and visage pale,
The grimly wizard sees the spectres rise unholy;
But haunts the woods that held her beauteous mate,
And wooes the echo soft with murmurs melancholy.

I. 2.

Sublime alone the feather'd monarch flies,
His nest dark mists upon the mountains shrowd;
In vain the howling storms arise,
When borne on outstretch'd plume aloft he springs,
Dashing with many a stroke the parting cloud,
Or to the buoyant air commits his wings,
Floating with even sail adown the liquid skies:
Then darting upward, swift his wings aspire,
Where thunders keep their gloomy seat,
And lightnings, arm'd with Heaven's avenging ire.
None can the dread artillery meet,
Or through the airy region rove,
But he who guards the throne of Jove,
And grasps the flaming bolt of sacred fire.

I. 3.

Know, with young Ambition bold,
In vain, my Muse, thy dazzled eyes explore,
Distant aims, where wont to soar,
Their burning way the kindling spirits hold.
Heights too arduous wisely shun;
Humbler flights thy wings attend;
For Heaven-taught Genius can alone ascend
Back to her native sky,
And with directed eagle eye
Pervade the lofty spheres, and view the blazing sun.

II. 1.

But hark! o'er all the flower enamell'd ground
What music breathes around!

I see, I see the virgin train
Unlock their streams again,
Rolling to many a vale their liquid lapse along,
While at the warbled song
Which holds entranc'd Attention's wakeful ear,
Broke are the magic bands of iron Sleep.
Love, wayward child, oft wont to weep,
In tears his robe to steep
Forgets; and Care that counts his store,
Now thinks each mighty business o'er;
While sits on ruin'd cities, War's wide-wasting glory,
Ambition, ceasing the proud pile to rear,
And sighs, unfinish'd leaving half her ample story.

II. 2.

Then once more, sweet enthusiast, happy lyre,
Thy soothing solace deign awhile to bring.
I strive to catch the sacred fire,
And wake thee emulous on Granta's plain,
Where all the Muses haunt his hallow'd spring,
And where the Graces shun the sordid train,
Scornful of Heaven-born arts which thee and peace inspire:
On life's sequester'd scenes they silent wait,
Nor heed the baseless pomp of power,
Nor shining dreams that crowd at Fortune's gate;
But smooth th' inevitable hour
Of pain, which man is doom'd to know,
And teach the mortal mind to glow
With pleasures plac'd beyond the shaft of Fate.

II. 3.

But, alas! th' amusive reed
Ill suits the lyre that asks a master's hand,
And fond fancies vainly feed
A breast that life's more active scenes demand.
Sloth ignoble to disclaim
'Tis enough: the lyre unstring.
At other feet the victor palm I fling
In Granta's glorious shrine;
Where crown'd with radiance divine,
Her smiles shall nurse the Muse: the Muse shall lift her fame.

ODE XXV.

THE POWER OF POETRY.

BY EDW. ROLLE, B.D.

I.

When tuneful Orpheus strove by moving strains
To sooth the furious hate of rugged swains,
The list'ning multitude was pleas'd,
Ev'n Rapine dropt her ravish'd prey,
'Till by the soft oppression seiz'd,
Each savage heard his rage away:
And now o'ercome, in kind consent they move,
And all is harmony, and all is love!

II.

Not so, when Greece's chief by Heav'n inspir'd,
With love of arms each glowing bosom fir'd:
But now the trembling soldier fled,
Regardless of the glorious prize;
And his brave thirst of honor dead,
He durst not meet with hostile eyes;
Whilst glittering shields and swords, war's bright array,
Were either worn in vain, or basely thrown away.

III.

Soon as the hero, by his martial strains,
Had kindled virtue in their frozen veins:
Afresh the warlike spirit grows,
Like flame, the brave contagion ran;
See in each sparkling eye it glows,
And catches on from man to man!
'Till rage in every breast to fear succeed;
And now they dare, and now they wish to bleed!

IV.

With different movements fraught were Maro's lays,
Taught flowing grief, and kind concern to raise:
He sung Marcellus' mournful name!
In beauty's, and in glory's bloom,
Torn from himself, from friends, from fame,
And rapt into an early tomb!
He sung; and sorrow stole on all,
And sighs began to heave, and tears began to fall!

V.

But Rome's high empress felt the greatest smart,
Touch'd both by nature, and the poet's art:
For as he sung the mournful strain,
So well the hero's portraiture he drew,
She saw him sicken, fade again,
And in description bleed anew.
Then pierc'd, and yielding to the melting lay,
She sigh'd, she fainted, sunk, and died away.

VI.

Thus numbers once did human breasts control.
Ah! where dwells now such empire o'er the soul?

Transported by harmonious lays,
The mind is melted down, or burns:
With joy o'er Windsor forest strays,
Or grieves when Eloisa mourns:
Still the same ardor kindles ev'ry line,
And our own POPE is now what VIRGIL was, divine.

ODE XXVI.

ON

THE PLEASURE OF POETRY.

BY MR. VANSITTART.

I.

HAPPY the babe whose natal hour
The Muse propitious deigns to grace,
No frowns on his soft forehead low'r,
No cries distort his tender face;
But o'er her child, forgetting all her pangs,
Insatiate of her smiles, the raptur'd parent hangs.

II.

Let statesmen on the sleepless bed
The fate of realms and princes weigh,
While in the agonizing head
They form ideal scenes of sway;
Not long, alas! the fancied charms delight,
But melt, like spectre forms, in silent shades of night.

III.

Ye heavy pedants, dull of lore,
Nod o'er the taper's livid flame;
Ye misers, still increase your store;
Still tremble at the robber's name:

Or shudd'ring from the recent dream arise,
While visionary fire glows dreadful to your eyes.

IV.

Far other joys the Muses show'r,
Benignant, on the aching breast;
'Tis theirs, in the lone, cheerless hour,
To lull the lab'ring heart to rest:
With bright'ning calms they glad the prospect drear,
And bid each groan subside, and dry up every tear.

V.

From earthly mists, ye gentle Nine!
Whene'er you purge the visual ray,
Sudden the landscapes fairer shine,
And blander smiles the face of day;
Ev'n Chloe's lips with brighter vermil glow,
And on her youthful cheek the rose-buds fresher blow.

VI.

When Boreas sounds his fierce alarms,
And all the green-clad nymphs are fled,
Oh! then I lie in Fancy's arms,
On fragrant May's delicious bed;
And through the shade, slow-creeping from the dale,
Feel on my drowsy face the lily-breathing gale.

VII.

Or on the mountain's airy height
Hear Winter call his howling train,
Chas'd by the Spring and Dryads light,
That now resume their blissful reign:

While smiling Flora binds her Zephyr's brows
With every various flow'r that Nature's lap bestows.

VIII.

More potent than the Sibyl's gold
That led Aeneas' bold emprize,
When you, Calliope, unfold
Your laurel branch, each phantom flies!
Slow Cares with heavy wings beat the dull air,
And Dread, and pale-ey'd Grief, and Pain, and black Despair.

IX.

With you Elysium's happy bow'rs,
The mansions of the glorious dead,
I visit oft, and cull the flow'rs
That rise spontaneous to your tread;
Such active virtue warms that pregnant earth,
And heav'n with kindlier hand assists each genial birth.

X.

Here oft I wander through the gloom,
While pendent fruit the leaves among
Gleams through the shade with golden bloom,
Where lurk along the feather'd throng,
Whose notes th' eternal spring unceasing cheer,
Nor leave in mournful silence half the drooping year.

XI.

And oft I view along the plain
With slow and solemn steps proceed
Heroes and chiefs, an awful train,
And high exalt the laurell'd head;

Submiss I honor every sacred name,
Deep in the column grav'd of adamantine fame.

XII.

But cease, my Muse, with tender wing,
Unfledg'd, ethereal flight to dare,
Stern Cato's bold discourse to sing,
Or paint immortal Brutus' air;
May Britain ne'er the weight of slav'ry feel;
Or bid a Brutus shake for her his crimson steel!

XIII.

Lo! yonder negligently laid
Fast by the stream's impurpled side,
Where through the thick-entangled shade,
The radiant waves of nectar glide,
Each sacred Poet strikes his tuneful lyre,
And wakes the ravish'd heart, and bids the soul aspire.

XIV.

No more is heard the plaintive strain,
Or pleasing Melancholy's song,
Tibullus here forgets his pain,
And joins the love-exulting throng:
For Cupid flutters round with golden dart,
And fiercely twangs his bow at every rebel heart.

XV.

There stretch'd at ease Anacreon gay;
And on his melting Lesbia's breast,
With eye half-rais'd, Catullus lay,
And gaz'd himself to balmy rest:

While Venus' self through all the am'rous groves
With kisses fresh distill'd supply'd their constant loves.

XVI.

Now Horace' hand the string inspir'd;
My soul, impatient as he sung,
The Muse unconquerable fir'd,
And heavenly accents seiz'd my tongue:
Then lock'd in admiration sweet I bow'd,
Confess'd his potent art, nor could forbear aloud.

XVII.

Hail, glorious Bard! whose high command
A thousand various strings obey,
While joins and mixes to thy hand
At once the bold and tender lay!
Not mighty Homer down Parnassus steep
Rolls the full tide of verse so clear, and yet so deep.

XVIII.

O could I catch one ray divine
From thy intolerable blaze!
To pour strong lustre on my line,
And my aspiring song to raise;
Then should the Muse her choicest influence shed,
And with eternal wreaths entwine my lofty head.

XIX.

Then would I sing the sons of Fame,
Th' immortal chiefs of ancient age,
Or tell of Love's celestial flame,
Or ope fair Friendship's sacred page,
And leave the sullen thought and struggling groan,
To take their watchful stands around the gaudy throne.

ODE XXVII.

ON THE

INSTITUTION OF A SOCIETY

IN LIVERPOOL,

FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF

DESIGNING, DRAWING, PAINTING, &c

DECEMBER 17, 1773.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE.

Quel prèsage pour Polhimnie!
La glorie des dieux du pinceau,
A la reine de l' harmonie
Annonce un triomphe nouveau
---Par des reciproques secours
Augmentant leur clarté fêconde
Les astres èclairent le monde
Sans se combattre dans leur cours. GRESSET.

FROM climes where Slavery's iron chain
Has bound to earth the soaring mind,
Where Grecia mourns her blasted plain
To want and indolence resign'd;
From fair Italia's once lov'd shore,
(The land of Freedom now no more)

Disdainful of each former seat,
The Arts, a lovely train, retreat:
Still prospering under Freedom's eye,
With her they bloom, with her they fly;
And when the Power transferr'd her smile
To Albion's ever grateful isle,
The lovely Fugitives forgot to roam,
But rais'd their altars here, and fix'd their happier home.

Swift fly the hovering shades of Night,
When bursts the orient dawn of Day;
As swift before their mental light
The clouds of Ignorance decay.
First came the Muse—her great design
Each dull sensation to refine;
To plant in every rugged breast
The seeds of Genius and of Taste;
To bid the heart expand with woe,
Or with the great example glow,
Or smile along the sportive page,
Or shrink at Satire's pointed rage;
Thro' Fancy's realms the wondering mind to bear,
And for her sister Arts an easier path prepare.

Of power to still the raging deep,
To damp the gay, to warm the cold,
To bid the steel-ribb'd warrior weep,
And make the trembling dastard bold,
To free the slave, the world to tame,
Queen of the Spheres, next Music came:—

Her strains can every care control,
And waft to heaven the list'ning soul;
Can every soft affection move,
And tune the amorous pulse to love:
Now chaste and rapturous joys inspire,
Pure as the vestal's sacred fire;
Now loud and dreadful swell the strong alarms,
Foment the thirst of blood, the glorious rage of arms.

Next came the Power, in whom conjoin'd
Their different excellence is shewn;
Yet sweetly blended, and combin'd
With charms peculiarly her own.
Beneath the great Creator's eye,
'Twas she with azure spread the sky;
And when Creation first had birth,
In happiest hues array'd the earth:
Still varying in each varied scene,
Bedeck'd the smiling meads with green,
Blush'd in the flower, and ting'd the fruit,
More lovely still as more minute;
O'er every part the veil of beauty cast,
In heav'nly colors bright, thro' numerous years to last.

Hers is the glowing bold design,
The just and lessening perspective,
The beauties of the waving line,
And all the pencil's power can give.

'Tis true—the Bard's harmonious tongue
May draw the landscape bright and strong;
Describe the dreadful scenes of war,
The crested helm, the rattling car;
The generous thirst of praise inspire,
And kindle Virtue's sacred fire:
Yet still may Painting's glowing hand
An equal share of praise command;
In every province claim her mingled part,
The wondering sense to charm, or moralize the heart.

Majestic, nervous, bold, and strong,
Let Angelo with Milton vie;
Oppos'd to Waller's amorous song,
His art let wanton Titian try;
Let great Romano's free design
Contend with Dryden's pompous line;
And chaste Correggio's graceful air
With Pope's unblemish'd page compare;
Loraine may rival Thomson's name;
And Hogarth's equal Butler's fame:
For still where-e'er th' aspiring Muse
Her wide, unbounded flight pursues,
Her Sister soars on kindred wings sublime,
And gives her favorite names to grace the rolls of time.

When just degrees of shade and light
Contend in sweetest harmony,
Then bursts upon the raptur'd sight
The silent Music of the eye.

Bold, as the Base's deeper sound,
We trace the well imagin'd ground;
Next in the varying scenes behind,
The sweet melodious Tenor find;
And as the soft'ning notes decay,
The distant prospect fades away:
Their aid if mingling colors give,
To bid the mimic landscape live;
The visual concert breaks upon the eyes,
With every different charm which Music's hand supplies.

If, torn from all we hold most dear,
The tedious moments slowly roll,
Can Music's tenderest accents cheer
The silent grief that melts the soul?
Or can the Poet's boasted art
The healing balm of peace impart?
—Ah, no!—'Tis only Painting's pow'r
Can sooth the sad, the painful hour;
Can bring the much lov'd form to view,
In features exquisitely true;
The sparkling eye, the blooming face,
The shape adorn'd with every grace,
To Nature's self scarce yield the doubtful strife,
Swell from the deep'ning shade, and ask the gift of life.

By slow degrees, the Muse's skill
A just conception must impart;

Bend by degrees the stubborn will;
Touch by degrees the harden'd heart:
To aid the task whilst Memory joins,
And every wand'ring thought combines;
Collecting then the beauteous whole,
She gives th' idea to the soul:
But when with happiest nature warm,
The Artist spreads his pictur'd charm,
At once we feel th' accomplish'd thought,
At once the great effect is wrought:
Nor only to the judging few confin'd,
It strikes each artless eye, and speaks to every mind.

In all the force of language drest,
But faintly moves the feeble strain;
But to the faithful sight exprest,
The story thrills thro' every vein.
Friend of the Arts, when Caesar bled,
Soon as the murd'rous tidings spread,
Each Roman heav'd a sigh sincere,
Each hardy veteran dropp'd a tear:
But when to public view confest,
High wav'd the hero's blood-stain'd vest,
A generous phrensy seiz'd the throng,
Revenge was heard from every tongue;
Thence every nervous arm fresh vigour drew,
Bright gleam'd the vengeful steel, and dreadful fire-brands flew.

O Queen of Heaven's unnumber'd dyes!
Whose skill, with various pow'r replete,
Can bid the swift ideas rise,
Of tender, beauteous, strong, and great!
For thee in mutual bands we join;—
Nor thou the fond attempt decline;
But to our longing sight display
Some sparks of thy celestial ray:
And if beneath a rough disguise
The latent gem of Genius lies,
Do thou impart thy friendly aid,
Thy loveliest polish o'er it spread;
So shall its beams, with genuine lustre bright,
Pour radiance on thine head, who call'd it first to light.

And ye, with wealth profusely blest,
The substitutes of Pow'r supreme,
To cheer the heart by grief deprest,
And cherish Virtue's sacred flame;
To us your generous cares extend;
The suppliant train of Arts befriend:
Nor think, to Misery's claims unjust,
You misapply your sacred trust;
Or, whilst you bid the Genius rise,
Your noble task neglected lies:
For still the breast where Genius glows,
A sense of moral beauty knows;
Endu'd with gifts above the crowd to shine, [divine.
The judge of Nature's works, and Virtue's charms

ODE XXVIII.

ON

LE MOINE's PAINTING

OF THE ANNUNCIATION, AT WINCHESTER CHAPEL.

BY GLOSTER RIDLEY, LL.D.

THE pencil's magic force I sing,
Be present all ye tuneful powers;
Let every Muse assistance bring,
And open her poetic stores:
Come, all ye charms of verse, and let my lays
Be perfect, as the subject of my praise.

Let every grace my speech combine,
Let elegance with strength unite,
To furnish out the great design,
And place it in the fairest light.
Then like the beauteous piece shall be my song,
Bright without blaze, and with correctness strong.

But, oh! Le Moine, what powerful skill
Thy pencil's lively strokes can trace!

Who can the hardy task fulfil,
And imitate each nameless grace?
Who so expressly, with such rich design,
As thou dost Nature's works, can copy thine?

Who can like thee, with daring hand,
The bright aetherial herald paint,
Descending at his God's command,
To hail with joy the virgin saint!
Should angels e'er again their heaven forsake,
Surely this form they would delight to take.

How does the beauteous figure please,
Form'd by thy pencil's nicest care!
Behold with what a graceful ease
Lightly it seems to hang in air:
Whilst his expressive hand aloft he rears,
And, by his action, speaks the news he bears.

The Virgin, bending to the earth,
With reverence the great guest receives,
Hears of Messiah's glorious birth,
And, rapt with ecstacies, believes:
How plainly do we read each thought exprest!
How her eyes shew th' emotions of her breast!

See o'er her sacred face display'd
A doubtful glimpse of joy appears,
Which faintly dawns, then seems to fade,
Corrected by an aweful fear:

Thus often a fair sky uncertain lours,
Begins to shine, and then descends in showers.

Who then can worthily admire
That artful hand, that skill divine,
Which thus makes contraries conspire,
And disagreeing passions join?
Love, fear, joy, grief, in sweet confusion thrown,
Are by thy pencil blended here in one.

Thus gather'd to the crystal glass
Repair the many-color'd rays,
Together through the convex pass,
And weave themselves into a blaze;
Till, at the last, the various dyes unite,
And form one undistinguish'd stream of light.

Thou, wondrous Painter, whence this art,
From whence this power didst thou derive,
Thus, like Prometheus, to impart
Breath to thy work, and bid it live?
How couldst thou thus the pointed form inspire,
But that, like him, from heaven thou steal'st thy fire?

Still, as I gaze, fresh charms arise,
New beauties open to my sight,
Distract me with the sweet surprise,
And dazzle with excess of light:
I think this moment I have view'd them o'er,
But the next moment see as many more.

Oh! may the piece, unhurt by age,
To latest years preserve its grace!
Never may Time's devouring rage
Thy noblest work, Le Moine, deface!
But thus the firm memorial let it stand
Of Burton's generous mind, and thy creating hand!

ODES.

CLASS THE TENTH.

ODES

CLASS THE TENTH.

ODE I.

TO

THE CREATOR.

FROM EUPOLIS.

BY FRANCIS FAWKES, M.A.

AUTHOR of being, source of light,
With unfading beauties bright,
Fulness, goodness, rolling round
Thy own fair orb without a bound:
Whether thee thy suppliants call
Truth, or good, or one, or all,
EI or IAO; Thee we hail,
Essence that can never fail,
Grecian or barbaric name,
Thy stedfast being still the same.
Thee, when morning greets the skies
With rosy cheeks and humid eyes;

Thee, when sweet declining day
Sinks in purple waves away;
Thee will I sing, O parent Jove,
And teach the world to praise and love.
Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky,
Earth on its firm basis plac'd,
And with circling waves embrac'd,
All creating power confess,
All their mighty Maker bless.
Thou shak'st all nature with thy nod,
Sea, earth, and air, confess the God:
Yet does thy powerful hand sustain
Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.
Scarce can our daring thoughts arise
To thy pavilion in the skies;
Nor can Plato's self declare
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.
Barren above thou dost not reign,
But circled with a glorious train,
The sons of God, the sons of light,
Ever joying in thy sight:
(For thee their silver harps are strung,)
Ever beauteous, ever young;
Angelic forms their voices raise,
And through Heaven's arch resound thy praise.
The feather'd fowls that swim the air,
And bathe in liquid ether there,
The lark, sweet herald of their choir,
Leading them higher still and higher,

Listen and learn; th' angelic notes
Repeating in their warbling throats:
And ere to soft repose they go,
Teach them to their lords below:
On the green turf, their mossy nest,
The evening anthem swells their breast.
Thus, like thy golden chain on high,
Thy praise unites the earth and sky.
Source of light, thou bidst the sun
On his burning axle run;
The stars like dust around him fly,
And show the area of the sky.
He drives so swift his race above,
Mortals can't perceive him move;
So smooth his course, oblique or straight,
Olympus shakes not with his weight.
As the queen of solemn night
Fills at his vase her orb of light,
Imparted lustre; thus we see
The solar virtue shines by thee.
EIRESIONE we'll no more,
Imaginary power, adore;
Since oil, and wool, and cheering wine,
And life-sustaining bread are thine.
Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains
The flocks that graze our Attic plains;
The olive, with fresh verdure crown'd,
Rises pregnant from the ground;
At thy command it shoots and springs,
And a thousand blessings brings.

Minerva only is thy mind,
Wisdom and bounty to mankind.
The fragrant thyme, the bloomy rose,
Herb, and flower, and shrub that grows
On Thessalian Tempe's plain,
Or where the rich Sabeans reign,
That treat the taste, or smell, or sight,
For food, for med'cine, or delight:
Planted by thy parent care,
Spring, and smile, and flourish there.
O ye nurses of soft dreams,
Reedy brooks, and winding streams,
Or murmuring o'er the pebbles sheen,
Or sliding thro' the meadows green,
Or where thro' matted sedge you creep,
Travelling to your parent deep:
Sound his praise, by whom you rose,
That sea, which neither ebbs nor flows.
O ye immortal woods and groves,
Which th' enamour'd student loves;
Beneath whose venerable shade,
For thought and friendly converse made,
Fam'd HECADEM, old hero, lies,
Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,
And through the gloom of silent night
Projects from far its trembling light;
You, whose roots descend as low,
As high in air your branches grow;
Your leafy arms to heaven extend,
Bend your heads, in homage bend:

Cedars and pines that wave above,
And mighty oaks belov'd of Jove;
Omen, monster, prodigy,
Or nothing are, or Jove from thee!
Whether various nature play,
Or reinvers'd thy will obey,
And to rebel man declare
Famine, plague, or wasteful war.
Laugh, ye prophane, who dare despise
The threatening vengeance of the skies,
Whilst the pious, on his guard,
Undismay'd is still prepar'd:
Life or death, his mind's at rest,
Since what thou send'st must needs be best.
No evil can from thee proceed:
'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed.
Darkness is not from the sun,
Nor mount the shades till he is gone:
Then does night obscene arise
From Erebus, and fill the skies,
Fantastic forms the air invade,
Daughters of nothing, and of shade.
Can we forget thy guardian care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare!
Thou break'st the haughty Persian's pride,
That dar'd old Ocean's power deride;
Their shipwrecks strew'd th' Eubean wave,
At Marathon they found a grave.

O ye blest Greeks who there expir'd,
For Greece with pious ardor fir'd,
What shrines or altars shall we raise
To secure your endless praise?
Or need we monuments supply,
To rescue what can never die?
And yet a greater hero far
(Unless great Socrates could err)
Shall rise to bless some future day,
And teach to live, and teach to pray.
Come, unknown instructor, come!
Our leaping hearts shall make thee room:
Thou with Jove our vows shalt share,
Of Jove and thee we are the care.
O father, king, whose heavenly face
Shines serene on all thy race,
We thy magnificence adore,
And thy well-known aid implore:
Nor vainly for thy help we call;
Nor can we want: for thou art all!

ODE II.

TO

THE SUPREME GOD.

FROM CLEANTHES,

BY SAMUEL BOWDEN, M.D.

GREAT Father of the skies, whose boundless sway
Both Gods above and worlds below obey.
Thy laws sustain the universal frame,
Various thy titles, but thy power the same.
Hail, sovereign Jove! all nations shall address
Their songs to thee, who gave them tongues to bless.
Behold thy image grovelling on the earth,
Faint echoes of thy voice, which gave us birth:
Then back will I reflect thy praises still,
And sing the wonders of almighty skill.
The wide expanse of yon etherial plain,
And all below, is subject to thy reign.
The forked lightnings, which, with double glare,
Sublimely wave, and linger in the air,
From thy dread arm with pointed fury fly,
And, ting'd with ruddy vengeance, sweep the sky.

The ray divine o'er all the frame presides,
Glows in the sun, and in the ocean glides.
From thee each atom of creation springs;
Hail! great support of all inferior things!
The orbs above, and floating seas below,
Move by thy laws, and by thy influence flow:
All, rang'd in order, know their destin'd place,
All but the mad, degenerate human race:
But thou can'st order from confusion bring,
Bid peace from discord, good from evil spring:
And when all nature frowns, and nations jar,
Set calms in storms, and harmony in war.
Great Jove so justly fram'd the earthly ball,
That universal good results from all;
While common sense still shines with certain ray,
And thro' the seeming maze points out the way;
Yet thoughtless men, to this blest convoy blind,
Court the wild dictates of a restless mind;
Perversely fly the universal light,
And the sweet voice of heavenly Reason slight.
Unhappy men! who toil and hunt for bliss,
But the plain road of sacred wisdom miss:
Led by this constant, this unerring guide,
Through flowery paths man's life would smoothly glide:
But urg'd by passion, heedless we pursue
The first mad pleasures that invite the view.
Some avarice and sordid taste inspire,
Ambition some, and fame's ungovern'd fire;

Soft luxury some, and Cyprian charms delight,
While all rush forward to the heaven in sight.
But thou, who thunderest in the vault above,
Correct these vain desires, O bounteous Jove!
Let god-like reason in our bosoms dwell,
And from weak minds this lunacy expel;
A ray of wisdom on our souls bestow,
By which thou rul'st all nature's scene below:
Then with devotiou fir'd, we'll hail thee King,
And in eternal songs thy wonders sing.
No greater good can men or Gods attend,
Than at thy throne with prostrate hearts to bend.

ODE III.

FROM THE SAME

ADDRESS OF CLEANTHES.

BY GILBERT WEST, ESQ.

O UNDER various sacred names ador'd!
Divinity supreme! all-potent Lord!
Auth'or of nature! whose unbounded sway
And legislative power all things obey!
Majestic Jove! all hail! To thee belong
The suppliant prayer and tributary song:
To thee from all thy mortal offspring due;
From thee we came, from thee our being drew;
Whatever lives and moves, great Sire! is thine,
Embodied portions of the soul divine.
Therefore to thee will I attune my string,
And of thy wondrous power for ever sing.
The wheeling orbs, the wandering fires above,
That round this earthly sphere incessant move,
Thro' all this boundless world admit thy sway,
And roll spontaneous where thou point'st the way.

Such is the awe imprest on nature round
When thro' the void thy dreadful thunders sound.
Those flaming agents of thy matchless power
Astonish'd worlds hear, tremble, and adore.
Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
Ruling that reason which, through all convey'd,
Informs this general mass, thou reign'st ador'd,
Supreme, unbounded, universal Lord.
For nor in earth, nor earth encircling floods,
Nor yon etherial pole, the seat of Gods,
Is ought perform'd without thy aid divine;
Strength, wisdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine!
Vice is the act of man, by passion tost,
And in the shoreless sea of folly lost;
But thou what vice disorders can'st compose,
And profit by the malice of thy foes:
So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
As thence to model one harmonious whole:
One universal law of truth and right;
But wretched mortals shun the heavenly light;
And, though to bliss directing still their choice,
Hear not, or heed not Reason's sacred voice,
That common guide ordain'd to point the road
That leads obedient man to solid good.
Thence, quitting Virtue's lovely paths, they rove
As various objects various passions move.
Some through opposing crowds and threat'ning war
Seek Power's bright throne, and Fame's triumphal car.
Some, bent on wealth, pursue with endless pain
Oppressive, sordid, and dishonest gain:

While others, to soft indolence resign'd,
Drown in corporeal sweets th' immortal mind.
But, O great Father, thunder-ruling God!
Who in thick darkness mak'st thy dread abode!
Thou, from whose bounty all good gifts descend,
Do thou from ignorance mankind defend!
The clouds of vice and folly, O controul,
And shed the beams of wisdom on the soul!
Those radiant beams, by whose all-piercing flame
Thy justice rules this universal frame.
That honor'd with a portion of thy light,
We may essay thy goodness to requite
With honorary songs and grateful lays,
And hymn thy glorious works with ceaseless praise,
The proper task of man; and sure to sing
Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty king
Is bliss supreme. Let Gods with mortals join!
The subject may transport a breast divine.

ODE IV.

TO

VIRTUE.

FROM ARISTOTLE'S PAEAN.

BY THOMAS NEVILLE, M.A.
OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

HAIL, VIRTUE! Goddess! sovereign good,
By man's bold race with pain pursued!
Where'er thou dart'st thy radiant eye,
Greece sees her sons with transport fly;
Danger before thee disappears,
And Death's dark frown no terror wears.

II.

So full into the breast of man descends
Thy rich ambrosial shower;
A shower, that gold, that parents far transcends,
Or, sleep's soft-soothing power.

III.

By thee ALCIDES soar'd to fame,
Thy influence LEDA's twins proclaim:

Heroes for thee have dauntless trod
The dreary paths of hell's abode;
Fir'd by thy form, all beamy bright,
Atarneus' nursling left the light.

IV.

His deeds, his social love (so will the Nine,
Proud to spread wide the praise
Of friendship and of friendly Jove) shall shine
With ever-living rays.

ODE V.

FROM ARISTOTLE'S

PAEAN TO VIRTUE.

BY THE REVEREND

R. SHEPHERD, D.D.

VIRTUE, stern Tutress, hail!
Hail thou, whose guidance trains
In life's rough paths the delegated youth;
Each thought, each enterprising deed arraigns
At the tribunal of impartial Truth:
What charms attractive grace thy modest mien,
Or in Religion's snow-white veil,
Or unstain'd robes of Honor drest;
Thy eye how bold, yet mild; how rigid, yet serene!
Thine, virgin, was the genial fire
That glow'd in each heroic breast;
And prompted to aspire,
On Merit's field to win an honor'd name
In the bright annals of distinguish'd fame:

Bade them the deathless crown of Glory seize;
The crown, that, cull'd from Labor's arduous grove,
The sister Graces for his temples wove,
Who dar'd, amidst a loose and venal state,
Look down superior to th' alluring bait,
And spurn the sluggard bed of downy ease.

II.

O say, what soul-supporting thought
In that dread hour inspir'd th' Athenian sage;
When, victim to a faction's rage,
Unmov'd he quaff'd the fatal bowl:
Thy influence fortified his soul,
And tempered to his taste the bitter draught.
Robed in Religion's purer vest,
Whilst every heighten'd charm more fair appeared,
Martyrs thy consecrated form confessed.
Hail'd Truth's bright dictates, and thy power revered.
Nor lure, nor threats their fixt resolves could shake,
For thee they soared above the narrow views,
The scenes that more contracted minds amuse,
And smil'd amidst the tortures of the stake.

III.

Estrang'd from Pleasure's soft embrace,
Whoe'er aspires in Glory's race
By proof of many a noble deed
To win the prize for him decreed
Who Virtue's height attains;
His name the Muse, chaste Virtue's friend,
Shall bid, emblaz'd in purest strains,
To the bold arch of Heaven ascend:

And whilst the golden numbers flow,
Where all the Graces all their influence breathe,
Fair Fame with never-fading wreath
Shall deck his laurell'd brow.

ODE VI.

TO

THE MUSE.

FROM DIONYSIUS.

BY THE REVEREND

JAMES MERRICK, M.A.

LEND thy voice, celestial Maid:
Through thy vocal grove convey'd,
Let a sudden call from thee
Wake my soul to harmony.

Raise, oh! raise the hallow'd strain,
Mistress of the tuneful train,
And thou, sacred source of light,
Author of our mystic rite,
Thou whom erst Latona bore
On the sea-girt Delian shore,
Join the fav'ring Muse, and shed
All thy influence on my head.

ODE VII.

TO

APOLLO.

By the Same.

Be still, ye vaulted skies! be still,
Each hollow vale, each echoing hill!
Let earth and seas, and winds attend:
Ye birds awhile your notes suspend;
Be hush'd each sound; behold him nigh,
Parent of sacred harmony;
He comes! his unshorn hair behind
Loose floating to the wanton wind.
Hail, Sire of day! whose rosy car,
Through the pathless fields of air,
By the winged coursers borne,
Opes the eyelids of the Morn.
Thou, whose locks their light display
O'er the wide aetherial way,
Wreathing their united rays
Into one promiscuous blaze.
Under thy all-seeing eye
Earth's remotest corners lie;

While, in thy repeated course,
Issuing from thy fruitful source,
Floods of fire incessant stray,
Streams of everlasting day.
Round thy sphere the starry throng,
Varying sweet their ceaseless song,
(While their vivid flames on high
Deck the clear untroubled sky,)
To the tuneful lyre advance,
Joining in the mystic dance,
And with step alternate beat,
Old Olympus' lofty seat.
At their head the wakeful Moon
Drives her milkwhite heifers on,
And with measur'd pace and even
Glides around the vast of heaven,
Journeying with unwearied force,
And rejoicing in her course.
Time attends with swift career,
And forms the circle of the year.

ODE VIII.

TO

NEMESIS.

By the Same.

NEMESIS, whose dreaded weight
Turns the scale of human fate;
On whose front black terrors dwell,
Daughter dire of Justice, hail!
Thou whose adamantine rein
Curbs the arrogant and vain.
Wrong and force before thee die,
Envy shuns thy searching eye,
And, her sable wings outspread,
Flies to hide her hated head.
Where thy wheel with restless round
Runs along th' unprinted ground,
Humbled there, at thy decree,
Human greatness bows the knee,
Thine it is unseen to trace
Step by step each mortal's pace:
Thine the sons of Pride to check,
And to bend the stubborn neck,

'Till our lives directed stand
By the measure in thy hand.
Thou observant sit'st on high
With bent brow and stedfast eye,
Weighing all that meets thy view
In thy balance just and true.
Goddess, look pro· itious down,
View us, but without a frown,
Nemesis, whose dreaded weight
Turns the scale of human fate.

Nemesis, be still our theme,
Power immortal and supreme!
Thee we praise; nor thee alone,
But add the partner of thy throne.
Thee and Justice both we sing,
Justice, whose unwearied wing
Rears aloft the virtuous name
Safe from hell's rapacious claim;
And, when thou thy wrath hast shed,
Turns it from the guiltless head.

NOTES ON ODES

OF THE

NINTH AND TENTH CLASS.

ODE II.

Page 6. By the Kalender of the Roman Church the 22d of November was set apart to the honor of St. Cecilia, and religiously observed in most parts of Europe. She was eminent for her beauty, and skill in music, and died a martyr to the Christian religion. Near the close of the last century a splendid entertainment was instituted in commemoration of her, and annually celebrated at Stationer's-hall. It became fashionable for writers of all ranks to celebrate the Saint, and their compositions were set by the greatest masters in Music. Dryden's Ode was written for one of these occasions.

Ibid. John Oldham (son of a Nonconforming minister, who, at the time of theUsurpation, was

rector of Shipton in Gloucestershire) born Aug. 9, 1653, was a bachelor of Edmund Hall, Oxford, in 1674, and soon after usher to the free school at Croydon. In this situation, some of his poetry having been handed about, he was honored with a visit by the Earls of Rochester and Dorset, Sir Charles Sedley, and other persons of distinction. In 1678 he was tutor to the son of Judge Thurland, and in 1681 to a son of Sir William Hickes. By the advice of Sir William, and the assistance of Dr. Lowther, he applied, for about a year, to the study of physic; but, poetry being predominant, he hastened to London, and became a perfect votary to the bottle, yet without sinking into the debauchery of his contemporary wits. As he was of a very different turn from his father, the character of the old parson, at the end of his works, is supposed to have been designed for him. It is perhaps the most extravagant caricature that ever was drawn. He was patronized by the Earl of Kingston, who would have made him his chaplain if he would have qualified himself. He lived with the Earl, however, till his death, which was occasioned by the small-pox, Dec. 9, 1683. He was particularly esteemed by Mr. Dryden, who has done him great justice in 'Verses to his Memory,' (English Poets, vol. xiv. p. 161.) His works have been frequently printed in one volume, 8vo; in 1722 in two volumes 12mo. with the Author's Life; and lately, under the inspection of Captain Thompson, in three volumes, 12mo."

ODE III.

Page 9. Of this Writer Mr. Nicholls has given the following account:

Thomas Shadwell, Esq. (of a good family in Staffordshire) born at his father's seat at Stanton-Hall in Norfolk, about 1640, was educated at Caius College, Cambridge; and, after studying the law for some time in the Middle Temple, went abroad. On his return, he soon introduced himself by his dramatic writings to persons of the first consequence; and obtained on the Revolution the office of Poet Laureat. "The revenue, says Dr. Johnson, "which Dryden had enjoyed with so much praise, was transferred to Shadwell, an old enemy, whom he had formerly stigmatised by the name of *Og*. Dryden could not decently complain that he was deposed; but seemed very angry that Shadwell succeeded him, and has therefore celebrated the intruder's inauguration in a poem exquisitely satirical, called *Mac Fleckno*." It has been well observed by another able writer, "that a satirist never pays the least regard to truth, when it interferes with the gratification of his resentment or spleen." Nothing can be falser than the idea intended to be conveyed in the following couplet:

> "Others to some faint meaning make pretence,
> But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

Mr. Shadwell was far inferior to Dryden; but Shad-

well did not write nonsense. Many of his comedies have fine strokes of humor, and abound in original characters, strongly marked and well sustained. He had an uncommon quickness of writing. The Earl of Rochester, who has observed that

"None seem to touch upon true comedy
But hasty Shadwell and slow Wicherley,"

had still a better opinion of his conversation than of his writings; for he said, "that if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humor than any other poet." He was a great favorite with Otway, who shared with him in the contempt of Dryden. He died Dec. 9, 1692; and a white marble monument, with his bust, was placed in Westminster Abbey by his son, Sir John Shadwell, physician to King George II. He wrote 17 plays, which need not be here enumerated; and was author of several small poems; the chief of which are, 1. the Ode here printed; 2. A congratulatory Poem on the Prince of Orange's coming to England; 3. another on Queen Mary; and 4. a translation of the tenth Satire of Juvenal.

ODE IV.

P. 12. The Author of this Ode was son of Major Nicholas Brady (an officer of the king's army in the rebellion of 1641,) and of Martha daughter of Luke Gernon (a judge of singular meekness and probity). He was born at Bandon in the county of Cork, Oct. 28, 1659, and

educated at St. Finberry's, in that county, under Dr. Tindall, till he was twelve years of age, when he was removed to Westminster school, where he was chosen king's scholar, and thence elected student of Christ Church, Oxford. Dr. Busby had always a particular regard for him; and at both those elections he was first and captain among all the candidates: after continuing at Oxford about four years, he went to Dublin, where his father resided; at which university he immediately commenced B.A. and the following year, M.A. When of due standing, the diploma for the degree of D.D. was, upon account of his uncommon merit, presented to him from that University while he was in England, and brought over by Dr. Pratt, then senior travelling-fellow, and afterwards provost of that college.

His first preferment in the church was to a prebend, in the cathedral of St. Bury's in the city of Cork, and to the parish of Kinaglarchy, in the county of Cork; to which he was collated by Bishop Wettenhall, to whom he was domestic chaplain. He was a zealous promoter of the Revolution, and an eminent sufferer for it.

In 1690, when the troubles broke out in Ireland, by his interest with Gen. Mac Carty, Dr. Brady thrice prevented the burning of Bandon town, after three several orders from King James to destroy it. The same year, having been deputed by the people of Bandon, he went over to England, to petition the parliament for a

redress of some grievances they had suffered. During his stay there, and to the time of his death, he was in the highest esteem among all ranks of persons in that kingdom, for his eminent attachment to the true interest of his country.

June 29, 1690 he married Laetitia, daughter of Dr. Synge, archdeacon of Cork, and a near relation of the bishop of that name. By this lady he had four sons and four daughters. Having quitted his preferments in Ireland, he settled in London, where he became noted for his abilities in the pulpit, and was elected minister of St. Catharine Creechurch, in 1691, and lecturer of St. Michael, Wood-street. He soon after, in conjunction with Mr. Tate, undertook a new version of the Psalms, which have since (though Brady's share of it incurred the ridicule of Swift in his "Remarks on Gibbs,") been adopted in a considerable number of our parish-churches. Whilst he was engaged in this undertaking, he retired to Richmond in Surrey; and, in consequence of the high esteem entertained for him by the gentlemen of that village, was invited to accept the office of their minister. The vicarage of Stratford upon Avon was presented to him by the great Earl of Dorset; and the rectory of Clapham in Surrey by Dame Rebekah Atkins, relict of Sir Richard Atkins, bart. This rectory he held, with Richmond, till his death. He was also chaplain to the duke of Ormond's troop of horse-guards, as he was to King William and Queen Mary, and afterwards to

Queen Anne. The whole of his preferments, which were in very pleasant and eligible situations, amounted to six hundred pounds a-year.

His qualifications, it is said, would have raised him to some of the greatest dignities in the church, if the singular humanity and benevolence of his disposition would have suffered him to have run in with the vehemence of either prevailing party, or had he not settled in a country where he was regarded as a foreigner.

Dr. Brady wrote a play, called "The Rape, or The "Innocent Impostors, a Tragedy, acted at Drury-"Lane, 1692," and published in 4to, in that year, with his name. He died March 20, 1726, in the 67th year of his age, leaving behind him the character of being a person of a most obliging, sweet, affable temper, a polite gentleman, an excellent preacher, and a good poet. His publications are, 1. The Version of the Psalms; 2. The Æneids of Virgil, published by subscription, 2 vols. 8vo. the last of them in 1726. He also published, in his life time, two volumes of Sermons, printed at London in 1704 and 1706; to which a third (posthumous) volume was added in 1730."

ODE VIII.

Page 26. This Ode was set by Dr. Greene, and performed as the act for his degree of Doctor at Cambridge, with singular applause; in testimony of which the Doctor was honored with the professorship of music in that university. Mr. Pope condescended to make

considerable alterations in the poem, to accommodate it to Dr. Greene's purpose, and at his request to insert the third stanza. See Sir John Hawkins's History of Music, vol. v. p. 328.

ODE XVI.

Page 65. Having given the celebrated burlesque of Bonnel Thornton upon the Odes in honor of St. Cecilia, that by Mr. Ellis on the exaggerated effects of music may not be improperly added.

ODE XVII.

Page 73. Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, eldest son of the great bishop of Winchester, was born Feb. 10, 1705-6, and educated at Hackney; whence he went to Benet College, Cambridge. When George the Second visited that university, in the year 1728, his name was included in the list of the Doctors to be created in Physic; but by an accident, he received not his degree until a month after. He was very early appointed physician to his Majesty's household, and besides the celebrated Comedy of the *Suspicious Husband*, *&c.* was Author of several pieces in his own profession. He died at his house in Chelsea, in the life-time of his father, August 10, 1757.

ODE XXIII.

Page 105. This truly extraordinary genius, says Mr. Nichols, is supposed to have been born in 1672 (or

rather not quite so early). He was sent to Eaton when ten years old, and thence to Christ-Church, Oxford; where he received the title of L.L.D. August 27, 1702. He married his first lady (Frances, daughter of Sir H. Winchcomb, of Bucklebury) in 1700; and took his seat in the House of Commons for Wooton Basset the same year. Having greatly distinguished himself in that assembly, he was appointed Secretary at War, April 20, 1704, and resigned Feb. 12, 1707-8. He succeeded Mr. Boyle as Secretary of State, Sept. 21, 1710: was created Baron St. John and Viscount Bolingbroke, July 7, 1712; an honour which he received with much reluctance, having been disappointed of an Earldom (extinct on the death of Paulet St. John, Earl Bolingbroke, Oct. 5, 1711) and of the Garter; and was made Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Essex, Oct. 24, 1713.

On the accession of King George, the seals were taken from him, and all the papers in his office secured. Soon after the meeting of the new Parliament, perceiving himself in danger, he withdrew into France. On his arrival at Paris, he received an invitation from the Pretender to enter into his service, which he declined, and endeavoured to soften his prosecution at home. Retiring to Dauphine, he continued there till July 1715, when he accepted a second offer of the seals from the Pretender. Having been discarded from the Chevalier's service before that year was well expired, he set to work in earnest to make his peace at home;

and procured a promise of pardon, on certain conditions, from the King; who, July 2, 1716, created his father Baron of Battersea and Viscount St. John.

In 1717, Lord Bolingbroke drew up a vindication of his whole conduct with respect to the Tories, in the form of a letter to Sir W. Wyndham, which is written with the utmost elegance and address, and abounds with interesting and entertaining anecdotes. His Majesty having granted him a full and free pardon, May 28, 1723, he returned to his native country in June, at the very juncture when Bishop Atterbury was banished. Obtaining an act of Parliament in May 1725, to restore him to his family inheritance, and to enable him to possess any purchase he should make, he pitched upon Dawley, in Middlesex; where he amused himself in rural employments, and in corresponding and conversing with a few select friends. He remained, however, still a mere titular Lord, not being admitted to take his seat in Parliament. Inflamed with this taint, he again entered upon the public stage, and embarked strongly in opposition against Sir Robert Walpole; which he carried on with inimitable spirit, till, in 1735, on a disagreement with his principal coadjutors, he retired to France, with a full resolution never more to engage in public business. On the death of his father, at the age of ninety, in April 1742, he settled at Battersea, the ancient seat of the family, where he passed the remainder of his days in the highest dignity; and died Dec. 15, 1751. During the latter part of his life,

he was much in the confidence of Frederick Prince of Wales, father to his present Majesty; and is supposed to have been the adviser of the most important steps taken by that Prince in his political conduct. His Lordship's second lady was the Dowager Marchioness de Vilette, niece to Madam de Maintenon.

The political character of Lord Bolingbroke is fully discussed in the "Supplement to Swift." Mr. Walpole says, "With the most agreeable talents in the world, and with great parts, Lord Bolingbroke was neither happy nor successful. He wrote against the King, who had forgiven him; against Sir Robert Walpole, who did forgive him; against the Pretender and the Clergy, who never will forgive him. He is one of our best writers; though his attacks on all governments and all religions (neither of which he cared directly to own) have necessarily involved his style in a want of perspicuity." Two prologues by him are here printed; his verses to Clara are in Dodsley's Miscellanies; and Mr. Walpole, who says "Lord Bolingbroke had a natural and easy turn for poetry," mentions "an ironical copy of verses in praise of the Chef-d'oeuvre d'un Inconnu, prefixed to that book. The initial letters subjoined stand for his Lordship's name, titles, and employments, in Latin."

107. *And make his matchless poem all their care*:] The Dispensary.

108. *The mournful* STREPHON *laid*;] Lord Lansdowne.

Ib. With MIRA *he begins his lays,*] The Countess of Newbourg; against whom Dr. King wrote "The Toast," when she was grown old and ugly.

114. *But to* ENDYMION *was her love confin'd.*] The last thought and the last line are taken from a paper of verses of Lord Lansdowne's. I think myself obliged to own the debt, though I am unable to pay it. H. ST. JOHN.

ODE XXVII.

Page 126. The Society, on whose institution this Ode was written, was not of long continuance; its sudden decay being principally occasioned by the loss of a very ingenious and spirited member, now resident in Germany. The Author, who has so recently augmented his reputation by the elegant History of Lorenzo de Medicis, is not without hopes that a Society of a similar nature will be one day established in Liverpool: but however that may be, he expresses himself happy in the reflection, that in this poem, and, it may be added, in his other writings, he has attempted to promote "the arts he loves," and to abate that spirit of enterprize, and thirst of gain, which, when too much indulged, is seldom productive either of virtue or happiness.

ODE XXVIII.

Page 137. *Of Burton's generous mind, and thy creating hand!*] The picture was given to the chapel at Winchester by Mr. Burton.

NOTES ON ODES

OF THE

TENTH CLASS.

ODE I.

Page 142. EUPOLIS was a Greek poet, contemporary with Aristophanes.

Ib. EI *or* IAO; *Thee we hail,*] Names attributed to the Deity.

Page 143. *Thus like thy golden chain on high,*] See Homer's Iliad, book viii. the beginning.

Ib. EIRESIONE *we'll no more,*] This word signifies an olive-branch, wrapt round with wool, and ornamented with grapes, and different kinds of fruits, which the antients used to hang before the doors of their houses, by way of charm, to prevent famine.

Page 144. *Fam'd* HECADEM, *old hero, lies,*] Probably this word means Cadmus.

146. *And yet a greater hero far*] The MESSIAH, foretold by Socrates.

ODE II.

Page 147. CLEANTHES, the original Author, was a stoic philosopher, and disciple of Zeno. He wrote many pieces, none of which are come down to us, but

this, and a few fragments, printed by H. Stephens, in a collection of philosophical poems. It must give every sensible man pleasure, to find such just sentiments of the Deity in a heathen, and so much poetry in a philosopher.

ODE III.

Page 150. This version was made by Mr. West, at the request of his friend, the celebrated Dr. Doddridge.

THE END.

A

CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. VI.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sw ets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian fields,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
GEORGE CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1800.

EPISTLES

PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

EPISTLES

PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

EPISTLE I.

THE FEMINEAD:

OR,

FEMALE GENIUS.

ADDRESSED TO

MR. RICHARDSON,

Author of Pamela, Clarissa, and Grandison.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M DCC LI.

SHALL lordly man, the theme of every lay,
Usurp the Muse's tributary bay?
In kingly state on Pindus' summit sit,
Tyrant of verse and arbiter of wit?
By Salic law the female right deny,
And view their genius with regardless eye?
Justice forbid! and every Muse inspire
To sing the glories of a sister choir!
Rise, rise, bold swain; and to the listening grove
Resound the praises of the sex you love:

Tell how, adorn'd with every charm, they shine,
In mind and person equally divine,
Till man, no more to female merit blind,
Admire the person, but adore the mind.

To these weak strains, O thou! the sex's friend
And constant patron, Richardson! attend!
Thou, who so oft with pleas'd, but anxious care,
Hast watch'd the dawning genius of the fair,
With wonted smiles wilt hear thy friend display
The various graces of the female lay;
Studious from folly's yoke their minds to free,
And aid the generous cause espous'd by thee.

Long o'er the world did Prejudice maintain,
By sounds like these, her undisputed reign:
"Woman! she cried, to thee indulgent Heaven
Has all the charms of outward beauty given:
Be thine the boast, unrivall'd, to enslave
The great, the wise, the witty, and the brave;
Deck'd with the Paphian rose's damask glow,
And the vale-lily's vegetable snow,
Be thine, to move majestic in the dance,
To roll the eye, and aim the tender glance,
Or touch the strings, and breathe the melting song,
Content to emulate that airy throng,
Who to the sun their painted plumes display,
And gaily glitter on the hawthorn spray,

Or wildly warble in the beechen grove,
Careless of aught but music, joy, and love."

Heavens! could such artful, slavish sounds beguile
The free born sons of Britain's polish'd isle?
Could they, like fam'd Ulysses' dastard crew,
Attentive listen, and enamor'd view,
Nor drive the Syren to that dreary plain,
In loathsome pomp, where eastern tyrants reign;
Where each fair neck the yoke of slav'ry galls,
Clos'd in a proud seraglio's gloomy walls,
And taught, that levell'd with the brutal kind,
Nor sense, nor souls to women are assign'd.

Our British nymphs with happier omens rove,
At Freedom's call, thro' Wisdom's sacred grove,
And, as with lavish hand each sister grace
Shapes the fair form, and regulates the face,
Each sister muse, in blissful union join'd,
Adorns, improves, and beautifies the mind.
Even now fond Fancy in our polish'd land
Assembled shows a blooming, studious band:
With various arts our reverence they engage,
Some turn the tuneful, some the moral page:
These, led by Contemplation, soar on high,
And range the heavens with philosophic eye;
While those, surrounded by a vocal choir,
The canvas tinge, or touch the warbling lyre.

Here, like the stars' mix'd radiance, they unite
To dazzle and perplex our wandering sight:
The Muse each charmer singly shall survey,
And tune to each her tributary lay.
So when, in blended tints, with sweet surprize
Assembled beauties strike our ravish'd eyes,
Such as in Lely's melting colors shine,
Or spring, great Kneller! from a hand like thine,
On all with pleasing awe at once we gaze,
And, lost in wonder, know not which to praise,
But singly view'd, each nymph delights us more,
Disclosing graces unperceiv'd before.

First let the Muse with generous ardor try
To chase the mist from dark Opinion's eye:
Nor mean we here to blame that father's care,
Who guards from learned wives his booby heir,
Since oft that heir with prudence has been known
To dread a genius that transcends his own:
The wise themselves should with discretion choose,
Since letter'd nymphs their knowledge may abuse,
And husbands oft experience to their cost
The prudent housewife in the scholar lost:
But those incur deserv'd contempt, who prize
Their own high talents, and their sex despise,
With haughty mien each social bliss defeat,
And sully all their learning with conceit:
Of such the parent justly warns his son,
And such the Muse herself will bid him shun.

But lives there one, whose unassuming mind,
Tho' grac'd by Nature, and by art refin'd,
Pleas'd with domestic excellence, can spare
Some hours from studious ease to social care,
And with her pen that time alone employs
Which others waste in visits, cards, and noise;
From affectation free, tho' deeply read,
"With wit well natur'd, and with books well bred?"
With such (and such there are) each happy day
Must fly improving, and improv'd away;
Inconstancy might fix and settle there,
And Wisdom's voice approve the chosen fair.

Nor need we now from our own Britain rove,
In search of genius, to the Lesbian grove,
Tho' Sappho there her tuneful lyre has strung,
And amorous griefs in sweetest accents sung,
Since here, in Charles's days, amidst a train
Of shameless bards, licentious and profane,
The chaste Orinda rose; with purer light,
Like modest Cynthia, beaming thro' the night:
Fair Friendship's lustre, undisguis'd by art,
Glows in her lines, and animates her heart;
Friendship, that jewel, which, though all confess
Its peerless value, yet how few possess!
For her the never-dying myrtle weaves
A verdant chaplet of her odorous leaves;

If Cowley's or Roscommon's song can give
Immortal fame, her praise shall ever live.

Who can unmov'd hear Winchelsea reveal
Thy horrors, spleen! which all, who paint must feel?
My praises would but wrong her sterling wit,
Since Pope himself applauds what she has writ.

But say, what Matron now walks musing forth
From the bleak mountains of her native North?
While round her brows two sisters of the Nine
Poetic wreaths with philosophic twine!
Hail, Cockburne, hail! even now from Reason's bowers
Thy Locke delighted culls the choicest flowers
To deck his great, successful champion's head,
And Clarke expects thee in the laurel shade.
Tho' long to dark, oblivious want a prey,
Thy aged worth pass'd unperceiv'd away,
Yet Scotland now shall ever boast thy fame,
While England mourns thy undistinguish'd name,
And views with wonder, in a female mind,
Philosopher, divine, and poet join'd!

The modest Muse a veil with pity throws
O'er Vice's friends, and Virtue's female foes;
Abash'd she views the bold unblushing mien
Of modern Manley, Centlivre, and Behn;

And grieves to see one nobly born disgrace
Her modest sex, and her illustrious race.
Tho' harmony thro' all their numbers flow'd,
And genuine wit its every grace bestow'd,
Nor genuine wit, nor harmony, excuse
The dangerous sallies of a wanton muse:
Nor can such tuneful, but immoral, lays
Expect the tribute of impartial praise:
As soon might Philips, Pilkington, and Vane,
Deserv'd applause for spotless virtue gain.

But hark! what Nymph, in Frome's embroider'd vale,
With strains seraphic swells the vernal gale?
With what sweet sounds the bordering forest rings?
For sportive Echo catches, as she sings,
Each falling accent, studious to prolong
The warbled notes of Rowe's ecstatic song.
Old Avon pleas'd his reedy forehead rears,
And polish'd Orrery delighted hears.
See with what transport she resigns her breath,
Snatch'd by a sudden, but a wish'd-for death!
Releas'd from earth, with smiles she soars on high
Amidst her kindred spirits of the sky,
Where faith and love those endless joys bestow
That warm'd her lays, and fill'd her hopes below.

Nor can her noble Friend escape unseen,
Or from the Muse her modest virtues screen;

Here, sweetly blended, to our wondering eyes,
The peeress, poetess, and Christian rise:
And tho' the Nine her tuneful strains inspire,
We less her genius, than her heart, admire,
Pleas'd, 'midst the great, one truly good to see,
And proud to tell that Somerset is she.

By generous views one Peeress more demands
A grateful tribute from all female hands;
One, who to shield them from the worst of foes,
In their just cause dar'd Pope himself oppose.
Their own dark forms deceit and envy wear,
By Irwin touch'd with Truth's celestial spear,
By her disarm'd, ye witlings! now give o'er
Your empty sneers, and shock the sex no more.

Thus bold Camilla, when the Trojan chief
Attack'd her country, flew to its relief;
Beneath her lance the bravest warriors bled,
And fear dismay'd the host, which great Aeneas led.

But ah! why heaves my breast this pensive sigh?
Why starts this tear unbidden from my eye?
What breast from sighs, what eye from tears refrains,
When, sweetly-mournful, hapless Wright complains?
And who but grieves to see her generous mind,
For nobler views and worthier guests design'd,

Admit the hateful form of black despair,
Wan with the gloom of superstitious care?
In pity-moving lays, with earnest cries,
She call'd on heaven to close her weary eyes,
And, long on earth by heart-felt woes opprest,
Was borne by friendly death to welcome rest.

In nervous strains, lo! Madan's polish'd taste
Has poetry's successive progress trac'd,
From ancient Greece, where first she fix'd her reign,
To Italy, and Britain's happier plain.
Praise well-bestow'd adorns her glowing lines,
And manly strength with female softness joins.
So female charms and manly virtues grace,
By her example form'd, her blooming race,
And, fram'd alike to please our ears and eyes,
There new Cornelias and new Gracchi rise.
O that you now, with genius at command,
Would snatch the pencil from my artless hand,
And give your sex's portraits, bold and true,
In colors worthy of themselves and you!

Now in ecstatic visions let me rove,
By Cynthia's beams, through Brackley's glimmering grove;
Where still each night, by startled shepherds seen,
Young Leapor's form flies shadowy o'er the green,

Those envied honors Nature lov'd to pay
The briar-bound turf, where erst her Shakspere lay,
Now on her darling Mira she bestows,
There o'er the hallow'd ground she fondly strows
The choicest fragrance of the breathing spring,
And bids each year her fav'rite linnet sing.

Let cloister'd pedants, in an endless round,
Tread the dull mazes of scholastic ground;
Brackley unenvying views the glittering train
Of learning's useless trappings idly vain;
For, spite of all that vaunted learning's aid,
Their fame is rivali'd by her rural maid.

So, while in our Britannia's beechen sprays
Sweet Philomela trills her mellow lays,
We to the natives of the sultry line
Their boasted race of parrots pleas'd resign:
For tho' on citron boughs they proudly glow
With all the colors of the watery bow,
Yet thro' the grove harsh discord they prolong,
Tho' rich in gaudy plumage, poor in song.

Now bear me, Clio, to that Kentish strand,
Whose rude o'erhanging cliffs and barren sand
May challenge all the myrtle-blooming bowers
Of fam'd Italia, when, at evening hours,
Thy own Eliza muses on the shore,
Serene, tho' billows beat, and tempests roar.

Hail, Carter, hail! your favorite name inspires
My raptur'd breast with sympathetic fires;
Even now I see your lov'd Ilyssus lead
His mazy current thro' th' Athenian mead;
With you I pierce thro' Academic shades,
And join in Attic bowers th' Aonian maids;
Beneath the spreading plane with Plato rove,
And hear his morals echo thro' the grove.
Joy sparkles in the sage's looks, to find
His genius glowing in a female mind;
Newton admiring sees your searching eye
Dart thro' his mystic page, and range the sky;
By you his colors to your sex are shown,
And Algarotti's name to Britain known,
While undisturb'd by pride you calmly tread
Thro' life's perplexing paths, by Wisdom led;
And, taught by her, your grateful muse repays
Her heavenly teacher in nocturnal lays.

So when Prometheus from th' Almighty Sire,
As sings the fable, stole celestial fire,
Swift thro' the clay the vital current ran,
In look, in form, in speech resembling man:
But in each eye a living lustre glow'd,
That spoke the heavenly source from whence it flow'd.

"What magic powers in Celia's numbers dwell,
Which thus th' unpractis'd breast with ardor swell

To emulate her praise, and tune that lyre,
Which yet no bard was able to inspire!

"With tears her suffering virgin we attend,
And sympathize with father, lover, friend!
What sacred rapture in our bosom glows,
When at the shrine she offers up her vows!
Mild majesty and virtue's awful power
Adorn her fall, and grace her latest hour."

Transport me now to those embroider'd meads,
Where the slow Ouze his lazy current leads!
There, while the stream soft-dimpling steals along,
And from the groves the green-hair'd Dryads throng,
Clio herself, or Ferrar tunes a lay,
Sweet as the darkling Philomel of May.
Haste, haste, ye Nine, and hear a sister sing
The charms of Cynthia, and the joys of spring:
See! night's pale goddess with a grateful beam
Paints her lov'd image in the shadowy stream,
While, round his votary, spring profusely showers
"A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers."
O happy nymph, tho' winter o'er thy head,
Blind to that form, the snow of age shall shed;
Tho' life's short spring and beauty's blossoms fade,
Still shall thy reason florish undecay'd;

Time, tho' he steals the roseate bloom of youth,
Shall spare the charms of virtue and of truth,
And on thy mind new charms, new bloom bestow,
Wisdom's best friend, and only Beauty's foe.

Nor shall thy much-lov'd Pennington remain
Unsung, unhonor'd in my votive strain.
See where the soft enchantress, wandering o'er
The fairy ground that Philips trod before,
Exalts her chymic wand, and swift behold
The basest metals ripen into gold.
Beneath her magic touch, with wondering eye,
We view vile copper with pure sterling vie;
Nor shall the farthing, sung by her, forbear
To claim the praises of the smiling fair;
Till chuck and marble shall no more employ
The thoughtless leisure of the truant boy.

Returning now to Thames's flowery side,
See how his waves in still attention glide!
And, hark! what songstress shakes her warbling throat?
Is it the nightingale, or Delia's note?
The balmy Zephyrs, hovering o'er the fair,
On their soft wings the vocal accents bear;
Thro' Sunbury's low vale the strains rebound,
Even neighbouring Chertsey hears the cheerful sound,

And wondering sees her Cowley's laurell'd shade
Transported listen to the tuneful maid.
O may those nymphs, whose pleasing power she sings,
Still o'er their suppliant wave their fostering wings!
O long may Health and soft-eyed Peace impart
Bloom to her cheek, and rapture to her heart!
Beneath her roof the red-breast shall prolong,
Unchill'd by frost, his tributary song;
For her the lark shall wake the dappled morn,
And linnet twitter from the blossom'd thorn.
Sing on, sweet maid! thy Spenser smiles to see
Kind fancy shed her choicest gifts on thee,
And bids his Edwards, on the laurel spray
That shades his tomb, inscribe thy rural lay.

With lovely mien Eugenia now appears,
The Muse's pupil from her tenderest years;
Improving tasks her peaceful hours beguile,
The sister arts on all her labors smile,
And, while the Nine their votary inspire,
"One dips the pencil, and one strings the lyre."
O may her life's clear current smoothly glide,
Unruffled by misfortune's boisterous tide!
So while the charmer leads her blameless days,
With that content which she so well displays,
Her own Honoria we in her shall view,
And think her allegoric vision true.

Thus wandering wild among the golden grain
That fruitful floats on Bansted's airy plain,
Careless I sung, while summer's western gale
Breath'd health and fragrance thro' the dusky vale.
When from a neighbouring hawthorn, in whose shade
Conceal'd she lay, up rose th' Aonian maid:
Pleas'd had she listen'd; and, with smiles, she cried,
"Cease, friendly swain! be this thy praise and pride,
That thou, of all the numerous tuneful throng,
First in our cause hast fram'd thy generous song.

"And ye, our sister choir! proceed to tread
The flowery paths of fame, by science led!
Employ by turns the needle and the pen,
And in their favorite studies rival men!
May all our sex your glorious track pursue,
And keep your bright example still in view!
These lasting beauties will in youth engage,
And smooth the wrinkles of declining age,
Secure to bloom, unconscious of decay,
When all Corinna's roses fade away.
For even when love's short triumph shall be o'er,
When youth shall please, and beauty charm no more,
When man shall cease to flatter; when the eye
Shall cease to sparkle, and the heart to sigh,
In that dread hour, when parent dust shall claim
The lifeless tribute of each kindred frame,
Even then shall Wisdom for her chosen fair
The fragrant wreaths of virtuous fame prepare;

Those wreaths which florish in a happier clime,
Beyond the reach of envy and of time;
While here th' immortalizing Muse shall save
Your darling names from dark Oblivion's grave;
Those names the praise and wonder shall engage
Of every polish'd, wise, and virtuous age;
To latest times our annals shall adorn,
And save from folly thousands yet unborn."

EPISTLE II.

ON THE

FEMALE RIGHT

TO

LITERATURE.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

Written from Florence.

BY THOMAS SEWARD, M.A.

WHILST you, ATHENIA, with assiduous toil
Reap the rich fruits of Learning's fertile soil;
Now search whate'er historic truth hath shewn,
And make the wealth of ages past your own;
Now crop the blossoms of poetic flow'rs,
And range delighted in the Muses' bow'rs;
Say, will the sweetest of her sex attend
To lines by friendship, not by flatt'ry penn'd,
To lines which tempt not worth with empty praise,
But to still greater height that worth would raise;
To lines which dare against a world decide,
And stem the rage of Custom's rapid tide?

Come then, ATHENIA, freely let us scan
The coward insults of that tyrant, man.
Self-prais'd, and grasping at despotic pow'r,
He looks on slav'ry as the female dow'r;
To Nature's boon ascribes what force has giv'n,
And usurpation deems the gift of Heav'n.
See the first-peopled East, where ASIA sheds
Her balmy spices o'er her fertile meads:
There, while th' ASSYRIAN stretch'd his wide domain
From distant Indus to the Cyprian main,
All Nature's laws by impious force were broke;
The female sex to Slav'ry's galling yoke
Bow'd their fair necks: from social life confin'd,
And all th' exertions of th' enlighten'd mind,
Clos'd in a proud Seraglio's wanton bow'rs,
The dalliance of a tyrant's looser hours.
By kings' examples subjects form their lives,
Dependant satraps had their train of wives;
Proportion'd pow'r each petty tyrant craves,
And each poor female was the slave of slaves.

When PERSIA next o'erturn'd th' Assyrian throne,
Destroy'd her tyranny and fix'd its own;
The fair distress'd no milder treatment saw,
This was indeed *th' unalterable law.*
In future times, whatever masters came,
Tyrants were chang'd, but tyranny the same.
At length t'accumulate the female woes,
The grand impostor MAHOMET arose;

Swoln with prophetic lies, he laid his plan
On the firm basis of the pride of man;
" Women, the toys of men, and slaves of lust,
Are but meer moulds to form man's outward crust;
The heavenly spark, that animates the clay,
Of the prime essence that effulgent ray,
Th' immortal soul, is all to man confin'd,
Not meanly squander'd on weak woman-kind."

Accurſed wretch! by hell's black council driv'n
Thus to debase the fairest work of heav'n.
And could Religion rear her sacred head,
Fraught with such doctrines? Could such errors spread
From western TANGIER, and the sun-burnt Moor,
To the cold TARTAR's ever-frozen shore?
Ev'n GREECE too not exempt, GREECE, once the seat
Where Sense and Freedom held the reins of state;
Where Force was Reason's hand-maid; where the bands
Of Love and Friendship join the wedded hands;
Where florished once, and florish still in fame
Th' ATHENIAN matron and the SPARTAN dame.)

In ROME too Liberty once regn'd, in ROME
The female virtues were allow'd to bloom,
And bloom they did: when CANNÆ's fatal plain
Was heap'd with mountains of the Roman slain,
Was there a matron wept her children *dead?*
Was there a matron wept not those that *fled?*

Then when each rumor seem'd the voice of fate,
And spoke the victor thund'ring at their gate,
Was there one mention'd peace? Did they not pour
Their wealth, their jewels, to the public store,
In emulous haste all pressing to be poor?

Alas how chang'd! how are the mighty sunk,
From the firm Patriot to the whining Monk!
Where Industry secur'd the public good,
Where censors, consuls, and dictators plough'd,
Now lazy zealots batten on the spoil,
And consecrated Sloth devours the farmer's toil.
But oh still worse! where Love and Friendship shone,
Domestic Tyranny has fix'd his throne,
With all his train of monsters: at his side,
Swoln with self-flatteries, sits stiff-neck'd Pride:
Two twin-born fiends his other ear engage,
Heart-canker'd Jealousy, and fire-ey'd Rage;
In front, his empire's sole support and source,
Rattling chains, bars, and locks, stalks brutal Force;
Whilst pale and shrivel'd, crouch'd beneath the chair,
Lies sneaking, conscious Worthlessness; and near
Squint-ey'd Suspicion lurks, with self-distracting Fear.

Hail, happy BRITAIN, dear parental land,
Where Liberty maintains her latest stand!
Oh while amidst tyrannic realms I rove,
Enamor'd let me pour my filial love

Into thy bosom! When the raven wings
Of darkness hover o'er me, when the springs
Of every outward sense are shut, my soul
Thee oft revisits, oft without control
Ranges thy fields delighted, and inhales
Friendship's pure joys, and Freedom's healthful gales.

But say, BRITANNIA, do thy sons, who claim
A birth-right liberty, dispense the same
In equal scales? Why then does Custom bind
In chains of Ignorance the female mind?
Why is to them the bright ethereal ray
Of Science veil'd? Why does each pedant say,
"Shield me, propitious Powers, nor clog my life
With that supreme of plagues, *a learned wife*.
'Tis man's with science to expand the soul,
And wing his eagle flight from pole to pole;
'Tis his to pierce antiquity's dark gloom,
And the still thicker shades of times to come;
'Tis his to guide the pond'rous helm of state,
And bear alone all wisdom's solid weight.
Let woman with alluring graces move
The fondling passions and the baby love;
Be this her only science, be her doom
Fix'd to the toilet, spinnet, and the loom."

Tongue-doughty pedant, was ATHENIA's soul
Form'd for these only? Bring th' exactest rule
Of judgment to the trial, prove that e'er
Thy school-proud tribe engross'd a greater share

Of mental excellence; though vernal Youth
Just swells her lovely bosom, yet blest Truth,
Offspring of Sense and Industry, has there
Long fix'd her residence; and taught the fair
Or Wisdom's deep recesses to explore,
Or on Invention's rapid wings to soar
Above th' Aonian mount; and canst thou think
That virtues, which exalt the soul, can sink
The outward charms? Must Knowledge give offence?
And are the Graces all at war with Sense?
Say, who of all the fair is form'd to move
The fondest passions, most ecstatic love,
More than ATHENIA? in her gentle eye
Soft innocence and virgin modesty
Incessant shine, while still a new-born grace
Springs in each speaking feature of her face.
Her sprightly wit no forward pertness spoils;
No self-assuming air her judgment soils;
Still prone to learn, though capable to teach,
And lofty all her thoughts, but humble all her speech.
Proceed, ATHENIA, let thy growing mind
Take every knowledge in of every kind:
Still on perfection fix thy steady eye,
Be ever rising, rise thou ne'er so high.
But oh reflect, that in th' advent'rous flight,
Thou mount'st a glorious but a dangerous height:
When every science, every grace shall join,
When most thy wit, when most thy beauties shine,
When thickest crowds enamor'd press around,
When loudest every tongue thy praise shall sound,

When verse too offers incense to thy shrine,
And adoration breathes in every line,
Then let my friendly Muse express her care,
Then most will danger spread her viewless snare:
Then let this truth possess thy inmost soul,
"One drop of Vanity may spoil the whole."

Not self-secure on earth can Knowledge dwell,
Knowledge, the bliss of Heav'n and pang of Hell,
Alike the instrument of good and evil,
Th' attribute of God, and of the Devil.
Without her, Virtue is a powerless will:
She, without Virtue, is a powerful ill;
Does she then join with Virtue, or oppose,
She proves the best of Friends, or worst of Foes.
Oh! be they once in happiest union join'd,
And be that union in ATHENIA's mind.

EPISTLE III.

TO THE

PRINCE OF ORANGE,

ON HIS

PASSING THROUGH OXFORD,

In his Return from Bath.

BY WALTER HARTE, M.A.

At length, in pity to a nation's prayer,
Thou liv'st, O Nassau, Providence's care!
Life's sun, which lately with a dubious ray,
Gave the last gleams of a short, glorious day,
Again with more than noon-tide lustre burns;
TheDial brightens, and the line returns.

Some guardian power, who o'er thy fate presides,
Whose eye unerring Albion's welfare guides,
Taught yonder streams with new felt force to flow,
And bade th' exalted minerals doubly glow.
Thus cold and motionlesss Bethesda stood,
Till heavenly influence brooded o'er the flood.

Lo, while our isle with one loud paean rings,
Equal, though silent, homage Isis brings;

Here is the task of Reason, not of Art,
Words of the mind, and actions of the heart!

And sure that unbought praise which Learning brings,
Outweighs the vast acclaim that deafens kings;
For souls, supremely sensible and great,
See through the farce of noise, and pomp of state;
Mark when the fools huzza, or wise rejoice,
And judge exactly between sound and voice.

Hail, and proceed! be arts like ours thy care,
Nor slight those laurels thou wert born to wear:
Adorn and emulate thy glorious line,
Take thy forefathers worth, and give them thine.
Blest with each gift that human hearts can move,
In science blest, but doubly blest in love.

Power, Beauty, Virtue, dignify thy choice,
Each public suffrage, and each private voice.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

MR. POPE.

By the Same.

To move the springs of nature as we please,
To think with spirit, but to write with ease;
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art;
For this the Grecian soar'd in Epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton struck his heavenly lyre.

'Tis your's, like these with curious toil to trace
The powers of language, harmony, and grace;
How Nature's self with living lustre shines,
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines:
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame;
To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give e'en life and action to the strains:
Led by some law, whose powerful impulse guides
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides;

Some fairer image of perfection given
T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from heaven.

O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise,
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays!
Add that the Sisters every thought refine,
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets, prove unjust:
And are they blam'd who sin because they must?

Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays;
I cannot rival—and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage,
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigor, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.

So seems some picture, where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength, and sweetness join;
Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living color glows;
Soft without weakness, without labor fair,
Wrought up at once with happiness and care!

How blest the man that from the world removes,
To joys that Mordaunt, or his Pope, approves;

Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er;
Who free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Moves calmly forward to the verge of life:
Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee!

Nor deem this verse, though humble, a disgrace,
All are not born the glory of their race:
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.
The Muse, who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A Muse as yet unhonor'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd;
Unbiass'd or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

EPISTLE V.

TO

DEAN SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,

WITH PINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND.

Written by

J. SICAN, M.D.

[IN THE CHARACTER OF HORACE.]

You've read, Sir, in poetic strain,
How Varrus and the Mantuan Swain
Have on my birth-day been invited
(But I was forc'd in verse to write it)
Upon a plain repast to dine,
And taste my old Campanian wine;
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation,
And though I'm us'd to right Falernian,
I'll deign for once to taste Iernian;
But fearing that you might dispute
(Had I put on a common suit)

My breeding and my politesse,
I visit in a birth-day dress;
My coat of purest Turkey-red,
With gold embroid'ry richly spread;
To which I've sure as good pretensions,
As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
What though proud ministers of state
Did at your antichamber wait;
What though your Oxfords, and your St. Johns,
Have at your levee paid attendance:
And Peterborough and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aside the gen'ral's staff
And public cares, with you to laugh;
Yet I some friends as good can name,
Nor less the darling sons of fame;
For sure my Pollio and Mæcenas
Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley:
And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
You'll boast perhaps your fav'rite Pope;
But Virgil is as good I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helsham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian isle Hippocrates;
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen bless'd another clime.

You'll plead perhaps to my request,
To be admitted as a guest,
Your hearing's bad:—But why such fears?
I speak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reason wisely took
The form you see me in, a book.
Attack'd by slow-devouring moths,
By rage of barb'rous Huns and Goths,
By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhimes and Dunster's prose;
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire:
Yet still they but in vain assail'd,
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blast destroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miss'd their aim;
Since all my spirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to save these small remains
From future pedant's muddy brains,
And fix my long uncertain fate,
You best know how:—Which way?—Translate.

EPISTLE VI.

TO THE
RIGHT HON. THE LADY
MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY,

Presented with a Collection of Poems.

BY SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

THE tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,
And verse a tribute sacred to the fair.
Hence in each age the loveliest nymph has been,
By undisputed right, the Muses' queen:
Her smiles have all poetic bosoms fir'd,
And patroniz'd the verse themselves inspir'd:
LESBIA presided thus in Roman times,
Thus SACCHARISSA reign'd o'er British rhymes,
And present bards to MARGARETTA bow,
For, what they were of old, is HARLEY now.

From OXFORD'S house, in these dull busy days,
Alone we hope for patronage, or praise;
He to our slighted labors still is kind,
Beneath his roof w' are ever sure to find
(Reward sufficient for the world's neglect)
Charms to inspire, and goodness to protect:

Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,
Your sire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays,
Form'd for our glory and support, ye seem,
Our constant patron he, and you our theme.
Where should poetic homage then be pay'd?
Where every verse, but at your feet be lay'd?
A double right you to this empire bear,
As first in beauty, and as OXFORD's heir.

Illustrious maid! in whose sole person join'd
Every perfection of the fair we find,
Charms that might warrant all her sex's pride,
Without one foible of her sex to hide:
Good-nature, artless as the bloom that dyes
Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.
Oh HARLEY! could you but these lines approve,
These children sprung from idleness and love,
Could they (but ah how vain is the design!)
Hope to amuse your hours, as once they've mine,
Th' ill judging world's applause and critic's blame
Alike I'd scorn; your approbation's fame.

EPISTLE VII.

TO

A LADY,

SENT WITH A PRESENT OF

SHELLS AND STONES DESIGNED FOR

A GROTTO.

By the Same.

With gifts like these, the spoils of neighb'ring shores,
The Indian swain his sable love adores,
Off'rings well suited to the dusky shrine
Of his rude goddess, but unworthy mine:
And yet they seem not such a worthless prize,
If nicely view'd by philosophic eyes:
And such are yours, that Nature's works admire
With warmth like that which they themselves inspire.

To such how fair appears each grain of sand,
Or humblest weed, as wrought by Nature's hand!
How far superior to all human pow'r,
Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r

In all her births, though of the meanest kinds,
A just observer entertainment finds,
With fond delight her low productions sees,
And how she gently rises by degrees;
A shell or stone he can with pleasure view,
Hence trace her noblest works, the heav'ns—and you.

Behold how bright these gaudy trifles shine,
The lovely sportings of a hand divine!
See with what art each curious shell is made,
Here carv'd in fret-work, there with pearl inlaid!
What vivid streaks th' enamel'd stones adorn,
Fair as the paintings of the purple morn!
Yet still not half their charms can reach our eyes,
While thus confus'd the sparkling chaos lies;
Doubly they'll please, when in your Grotto plac'd,
They plainly speak the fair disposer's taste;
Then glories yet unseen shall o'er them rise,
New order from your hand, new lustre from your eyes.

How sweet, how charming, will appear this Grot,
When by your art to full perfection brought!
Here verdant plants and blooming flow'rs will grow,
There bubbling currents through the shell-work flow;
Here coral mix'd with shells of various dyes,
There polish'd stone will charm our wond'ring eyes;
Delightful bower of bliss! secure retreat!
Fit for the Muses, and STATIRA's seat.

But still how good must be that fair-one's mind,
Who thus in solitude can pleasure find!
The Muse her company, good-sense her guide,
Resistless charms her pow'r, but not her pride;
Who thus forsakes the town, the park, and play,
In silent shades to pass her hours away;
Who better likes to breathe fresh country air,
Than ride imprison'd in a velvet chair,
And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
Before the thrills of FARINELI's voice;
Prefers her books, and conscience void of ill,
To concerts, balls, assemblies, and quadrille:
Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd, than gilded chariots sees,
For groves the play-house quits, and beaus for trees.

Blest is the man, whom heav'n shall grant one hour,
With such a lovely nymph, in such a lovely bow'r.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO

A LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER

WRITTEN IN A VERY FINE HAND.

By the Same.

WHILST well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes command,
The beauteous work of CHLOE's artful hand,
Throughout the finish'd piece we see display'd
Th' exactest image of the lovely maid;
Such is her wit, and such her form divine,
This pure, as flows the style through every line,
That, like each letter, exquisitely fine.

See with what art the sable currents stain
In wand'ring mazes all the milk white plain!
Thus o'er the meadows wrap'd in silver snow
Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow;
Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck
The ivory plain of lovely CHLOE's neck:

See, like some virgin, whose unmeaning charms
Receive new lustre from a lover's arms,
The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breast,
By her fair hand and flowing pen impress'd,
At every touch more animated grows,
And with new life and new ideas glows;
Fresh beauties, from the kind defiler gains,
And shines each moment brighter from its stains.

Let mighty Love no longer boast his darts,
That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts;
CHLOE, your quill can equal wonders do,
Wound full as sure, and at a distance too:
Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
From pole to pole you send your great commands;
To distant climes in vain the lover flies,
Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your eyes;
So those, who from the sword in battle run,
But perish victims to the distant gun.

Beauty's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
But these are charms no ages can devour;
These, far superior to the brightest face,
Triumph alike o'er time, as well as space,
When that fair form, which thousands now adore,
By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,
These lovely lines shall future ages view,
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.

How oft do I admire with fond delight
The curious piece, and wish like you to write!
Alas, vain hope! that might as well aspire
To copy PAULO's stroke, or TITIAN's fire:
Ev'n now your splendid lines before me lie,
And I in vain to imitate them try;
Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art,
To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.

EPISTLE IX.

TO

A LADY,

ON A

LANDSCAPE OF HER DRAWING.

BY MR. PARROT.

BEHOLD the magic of Theresa's hand!
A new creation blooms at her command.
Touch'd into life the vivid colors glow,
Catch the warm stream, and quicken as they flow.
The ravish'd sight the pleasing landscape fills,
Here sink the valleys, and there rise the hills.
Not with more horror nods bleak Calpe's height,
Than here the pictur'd rock astounds the sight.
Not Thames more devious-winding leaves his source,
Than here the wand'ring rivers shape their course.
Obliquely lab'ring runs the gurgling rill;
Still murm'ring runs, or seems to murmur still.
An aged oak, with hoary moss o'erspread,
Here lifts aloft its venerable head;

There overshadowing hangs a sacred wood,
And nods inverted in the neighb'ring flood.
Each tree as in its native forest shoots,
And blushing bends with Autumn's golden fruits.
Thy pencil lends the rose a lovelier hue,
And gives the lily fairer to our view.
Here fruits and flow'rs adorn the varied year,
And paradise with all its sweets is here.
There stooping to its fall a tow'r appears,
With tempests shaken, and a weight of years.
The daisied meadow, and the woodland green,
In order rise, and fill the various scene.

Some parts, in light magnificently dress'd,
Obtrusive enter, and stand all confess'd;
Whilst others decently in shades are thrown,
And by concealing make their beauties known.
Alternate thus and mutual is their aid,
The lights owe half their lustre to the shade.

So the bright fires that light the milky way,
Lost and extinguish'd in the solar ray,
In the sun's absence pour a flood of light,
And borrow all their brightness from the night.

To cheat our eyes how well dost thou contrive!
Each object here seems real and alive.
Not more resembling life the figures stand,
Form'd by Lycippus, or by Phidias' hand.

Unnumber'd beauties in the piece unite,
Rush on the eye and crowd upon the sight;
At once our wonder and delight you raise,
We view with pleasure, and with rapture praise.

EPISTLE X.

TO

A YOUNG LADY

WHO PAINTS VERY WELL, BUT ALWAYS DRAWS HER OWN SEX TO DISADVANTAGE.

BY J. WHALEY, M.A.

INGENIOUS Fair, in whose well-mingled dyes,
Reflected charms delight our ravish'd eyes;
On whose soft pencil every beauty waits,
That Nature boasts, or happy Art creates:
Say, when thy fancy prompts thee to display
The blooming flowers that deck the youthful May,
Seek you not all that colors can supply
To cheat our senses, and delude our eye;
Strives not your every stroke with anxious pain,
The whiteness of the lily to retain?
Blot you not out the ill-united shades,
If but one tulip on your canvas fades?
And swells not with a conscious joy your breast,
If in the happy tints you see express'd
The glowing blushes of the rose increast?

Whence strive you, then, to hurt your own fair kind?
How came your injuries to them confin'd?
Whence dares your pencil offer to disgrace
Such looks as well might hint an Angel's face?
What secret passion aids thy touch with spite
To darken Chloe's brown, or taint Clarinda's white
Say, is it Envy guides thy faithles line?
Can meagre Envy dwell in breasts like thine?
With trembling dost thou Caelia's features trace,
Or fear that Mira's smiles should thine disgrace?

Thy own fair self, mistaken charmer, view,
Learn thy own power, and let thy paint be true.
With kindly care thy happiest colors blend,
And strive what Nature fairest forms to mend:
From Chloe's eye bid keener lightnings flow;
Teach Caelia's cheeks with softer red to glow:
Still, still, bright Nymph, unrival'd shalt thou shine;
Thy paint is charming, but thy form divine.

EPISTLE XI.

TO

MISS CHARLOTTE COLLINS,

OF WINCHESTER,

ON HER

DRAWING THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

O matre pulchra, filia pulchrior!

How true the mimic forms appear,
The ebon shield, and glitt'ring spear!
The piercing eye, the steady mien,
As erst in Athens she was seen;
Or rising from her borrow'd guise,
She struck th' astonish'd Grecian's eyes,
And in celestial radiance drest,
The martial goddess stood confest.
With brow indignant and severe,
See Juno, jealous Queen, appear;
Stern, as when slighted by her God,
She made Heav'n tremble at her nod.
But these are Fancy's airy train,
That fir'd old Homer's epic strain;
Made heroes fight and deities jar,
And kept alive a ten years war.

Charlotte, thy pencil's skill'd to trace
Superior forms and easier grace:
Why copy then what Fiction drew,
When Nature holds herself to view!
Cease on this Cyprian form to gaze,
And trust thy faithful mirror's rays;
By its reflected aid, you'll know
More vivid tints, the warmer glow:—
The auburn ringlet—brilliant eye—
Dimples—where Loves in ambush lie—
Teeth—as the Ceylon ivory white—
Lips—with the Persian coral dight—
The graceful neck—and swelling breast—
Here Fancy blushing paints the rest.

EPISTLE XII.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

WITH

FONTENELLE's PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

BY

EDWARD ROLLE, B. D.

In this small work, all Nature's wonders see,
The soften'd features of philosophy.
In truth by easy steps you here advance,
Truth as diverting as the best romance.
Long had these arts to sages been confin'd,
None saw their beauty, 'till by poring blind;
By studying spent, like men that cram too full,
From Wisdom's feast they rose not chear'd, but dull:
The gay and airy smil'd to see 'em grave,
And fled such wisdom like Trophonius' cave.
Justly they thought they might those arts despise,
Which made men sullen, ere they could be wise.

Brought down to sight, with ease you view 'em here,
Though deep the bottom, yet the stream is clear.
Your flutt'ring sex still valued science less;
Careless of any but the arts of dress.
Their useless time was idly thrown away
On empty novels, or some new-born play:
The best, perhaps, a few loose hours might spare
For some unmeaning thing, miscall'd a prayer.
In vain the glitt'ring orbs, each starry night,
With mingling blazes shed a flood of light:
Each nymph with cold indiff'rence saw 'em rise;
And, taught by fops, to them preferr'd her eyes.
None thought the stars were suns so widely sown,
None dreamt of other worlds, besides our own.
Well might they boast their charms, when every fair
Thought this world all; and her's the brightest here.
Ah! quit not the large thoughts this book inspires,
For those thin trifles which your sex admires:
Assert your claim to sense, and shew mankind,
That reason is not to themselves confin'd.
The haughty belle, whose beauty's awful shrine
'Twere sacrilege t' imagine not divine,
Who thought so greatly of her eyes before,
Bid her read this, and then be vain no more.
How poor ev'n you, who reign without control,
If we except the beauties of your soul!
Should all beholders feel the same surprise:
Should all who see you, see you with my eyes;

Were no sick blasts to make that beauty less;
Should you be what I think, what all confess:
'Tis but a narrow space those charms engage;
One island only, and not half an age!

EPISTLE XIII.

A FRIEND.

OCCASIONED BY

AN ODE

WRITTEN BY MRS. CATH. PHILIPS.

BY MRS. CARTER.

NARCISSA! still thro' every varying name,
My constant care and bright enlivening theme,
In what soft language shall the Muse declare
The fond extravagance of love sincere?
How all those pleasing sentiments convey
That charm my fancy, when I think on thee?
A theme like this Orinda's thoughts inspir'd,
Nor less by Friendship than by Genius fir'd.
Then let her happier, more persuasive art
Explain th' agreeing dictates of my heart:
Sweet may her fame to late remembrance bloom,
And everlasting laurels shade her tomb,
Whose spotless verse with genuine force exprest
The brightest passion of the human breast.

In what blest clime, beneath what favoring skies,
Did thy fair form, propitious Friendship, rise?
With mystic sense, the poet's tuneful tongue
Urania's birth in glittering fiction sung;
That Paphos first her smiling presence own'd,
Which wide diffus'd its happy influence round.
With hands united, and with looks serene,
Th' attending Graces hail'd their new-born queen;
The Zephyrs round her wav'd their purple wing,
And shed the fragrance of the breathing Spring;
The rosy Hours, advanc'd in silent flight,
Led sparkling youth, and ever new delight.
Soft sigh the winds, the waters gently roll,
A purer azure vest the lucid pole,
All Nature welcom'd in the beauteous train,
And heaven and earth smil'd conscious of the scene.

But long ere Paphos rose, or poet sung,
In heavenly breasts the sacred passion sprung:
The same bright flames in raptur'd seraphs glow,
As warm consenting tempers here below:
While one attraction, Mortal, Angel, binds,
Virtue, which forms the unison of minds:
Friendship her soft harmonious touch affords,
And gently strikes the sympathetic chords,
Th' agreeing notes in social measures roll,
And the sweet concert flows from soul to soul.

By Heaven's enthusiastic impulse taught,
What shining visions rose on Plato's thought!

While by the Muses' gently winding flood,
His searching fancy trac'd the sovereign good!
The laurel'd sisters touch'd the vocal lyre,
And Wisdom's goddess led their tuneful choir.
Beneath the genial Plantane's spreading shade,
How sweet the philosophic music play'd!
'Thro' all the grove, along the flowery shore,
The charming sounds responsive echoes bore,
Here, from the cares of vulgar life refin'd,
Immortal pleasures open'd on his mind:
In gay succession to his ravish'd eyes
The animating powers of Beauty rise;
On every object round, above, below,
Quick to the sight her vivid colors glow:
Yet, not to matter's shadowy forms confin'd,
The fair and good he sought remain'd behind;
Till gradual rising thro' the boundless whole,
He view'd the blooming graces of the soul;
Where, to the beam of intellectual day,
The genuine charms of moral beauty play:
With pleasing force the strong attractions move
Each finer sense, and tune it into love.

EPISTLE XIV.

TO

MYRTILIS.

THE NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

BY

SAM. JOHNSON, L.L. D.

MADAM,

LONG have I look'd my tablets o'er,
And find I've much to thank you for;
Out-standing debts beyond account,
And new—who knows to what amount?
Tho' small my wealth, not small my soul:
Come, then at once, I'll pay the whole.

Ye Powers! I'm rich, and will command
The host of slaves that round me stand;
Come, Indian, quick disclose thy store,
And hither bring Peruvian ore;
Let yonder Negro pierce the main,
The choicest, largest pearl to gain:

Let all my slaves their arts combine
To make the blushing ruby mine,
From eastern thrones the diamonds bear
To sparkle at her breast and ear.
Swift, Scythian, point th' unerring dart,
That strikes the Ermine's little heart,
And search for choicest furs the globe
To make my MYRTILIS a robe.

Ah, no! Yon Indian will not go,
No Scythian deigns to bend his bow.
No sullen Negro shoots the flood.
How, slaves!——Or am I understood?
All, all, my empty power disown,
I turn and find myself alone;
'Tis Fancy's vain illusion all,
Nor Moor nor Scythian waits my call.
Can I command, can I consign?
Alas, what earthly thing is mine?

Come then, my Muse, companion dear
Of poverty, and soul sincere;
Come, dictate to my grateful mind
A gift that may acceptance find;
Come, gentle Muse, and with thee bear
An offering worthy thee and her;
And though thy presents be but poor,
My MYRTILIS will ask no more.

An heart that scorns a shameful thing,
With love and verse, is all I bring,
Of love and verse the gift receive,
'Tis all thy servant has to give.

If all whate'er my verse has told,
Golconda's gems, and Afric's gold;
If all were mine from pole to pole,
How large her share who shares my soul?
But more than these may Heaven impart;
Be thine the treasures of the heart;
Be calm, and glad thy future days
With Virtue's peace, and Virtue's praise.
Let jealous Pride, and sleepless Care,
And wasting Grief, and black Despair,
And Languor chill, and Anguish fell,
For ever shun thy grove and cell;
There only may the happy train
Of Love, and Joy, and Peace, remain:
May Plenty, with exhaustless store,
Employ thy hand to feed the poor,
And ever on thy honor'd head
The prayer of Gratitude be shed.

A happy mother may'st thou see
Thy smiling virtuous progeny,
Whose sportful tricks, and airy play,
Fraternal love, and prattle gay,

Or wond'rous tale, or joyful song
May lure the lingering hours along,
Till Death arrive, unfelt, unseen,
With gentle pace, and placid mien,
And waft thee to that happy shore,
Where wishes can have place no more.

EPISTLE XV.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICHORD,

In a Room hung with some Flower-Pieces of her own Painting.

By the Same.

WHEN STELLA strikes the tuneful string
In scenes of imitated Spring,
Where Beauty lavishes her powers,
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And Pleasure propagates around
Each charm of modulated sound,
Ah! think not in the dangerous hour,
The Nymph fictitious as the flower;
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily Love.

When charms thus press on every sense,
What thought of flight, or of defence?
Deceitful Hope, and vain Desire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting, as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye;

And forming, with unerring art,
New chains to hold the captive heart.
But on these regions of delight,
Might Truth intrude with daring flight,
Could STELLA, sprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral song,
Instruction with her flowers might spring,
And Wisdom warble from her string.

Mark, when from thousand mingled dyes,
Thou seest one pleasing form arise,
How active light, and thoughtful shade,
In greater scenes each other aid;
Mark, when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How passion's well-accorded strife
Gives all the harmony of life,
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
Consistent still, though not the same,
Thy music teach the nobler art,
To tune the regulated heart.

EPISTLE XVI.

TO

MRS. CREWE.

BY THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

WHERE the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
By Nature's most delicate pencil design'd;
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart;
Where in manners, enchanting, no blemish we trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face;
Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove
Defences unequal to shield us from love:
Then tell me, mysterious enchanter, oh, tell!
By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
My heart is so fenc'd that for once I am wise,
And gaze without rapture on Amoret's eyes;
That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more;
Is't reason? No; that my whole life will belie,
For who so at variance as reason and I?
Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any softer sensation a part?

O, no! for in this all the world must agree,
One folly was never sufficient for me.
Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,
Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd?
For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain,
Both slacken the springs of those nerves which they strain.
That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,
That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife.
But tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of pleasure and pain,
I am still but too ready to feel them again:
If, then, for this once in my life I am free,
And escape from a snare might catch wiser than me;
'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For tho' brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that warms:
As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
But feel not their warmth, tho' their splendor we praise,
So beauty, our just admiration may claim,
But love, and love only, the heart can enflame.

EPISTLE XVII.

TO THE

RIGHT HON.

HENRY PELHAM.

BY

EDWARD MOORE.

THE *humble Petition of the worshipful Company of Poets and News-writers,*

SHEWETH,

THAT your honor's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
And writers of scandal, for mending the times),
By losses in bus'ness, and England's well-doing,
Are sunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.

That these their misfortunes, they humbly conceive,
Arise not from dullness, as some folks believe,
But from rubs in their way, that your honor has laid,
And want of materials to carry on trade.

That they always had form'd high conceits of their use,
And meant their last breath should go out in abuse;
But now (and they speak it with sorrow and tears),
Since your honor has sate at the helm of affairs,
No party will join 'em, no faction invite
To heed what they say, or to read what they write;
Sedition, and Tumult, and Discord are fled,
And Slander scarce ventures to lift up her head—
In short, public bus'ness is so carried on,
That their country is sav'd, and the patriots undone.

To perplex him still more, and sure famine to bring
(Now satire has lost both its truth and its sting),
If, in spite of their natures, they bungle at praise,
Your honor regards not, and nobody pays.

YOUR Petitioners therefore most humbly entreat
(As times will allow, and your honor thinks meet)
That measures be chang'd, and some cause of complaint
Be immediately furnish'd, and end their restraint;
Their credit thereby, and their trade to retrieve,
That again they may rail, and the nation believe.

Or else (if your wisdom shall deem it all one),
Now the parliament's rising and bus'ness is done,

That your honor would please, at this dangerous crisis
To take to your bosom a few private vices;
By which your petitioners, haply, might thrive,
And keep both themselves and contention alive.

In compassion, good Sir! give 'em something to say,
And your honor's petitioners ever shall pray.

EPISTLE XVIII.

ON THE

ROYAL NUPTIALS.

Addressed to

THE QUEEN.

BY JOSEPH SPENCE, M.A.

At length the gallant navy from afar
Rises in prospect, with expanded wings
Improving the kind gale, so long delay'd;
And wins in pompous pride her easy way
To Albion's shore, charg'd with the precious freight
Of England's dearest hopes, and George's love.
Not so desir'd, nor with such treasure fraught,
Arrives the wealthy convoy from the coast
Of Ceylon or Golconda; laden deep
With spicy drugs, barbaric gems, and gold.
Nor he who circled in his daring course
The globe entire, old Ocean's utmost round,
Brought back so rich a prize, though with the spoils
Of proud Iberia loaded he return'd;
Or captive in his halsers when he dragg'd
The vanquish'd Gallic fleets; as now he brings,
More welcome, from Germania's friendly shore.

Hail kindred regions, dear parental soil,
Saxonian plains! where deep Visurgis flows,
Where Leina's doubly honor'd waters glide,
Where mighty Albis draws his humid train!
England to you with grateful homage pays
Filial obeisance meet: to you she owes
Her name, her tribes, her generous race; to you
Her first, her latest blessings. Forth from you
Issued our sires, old Woden's high-born sons;
Great Woden deem'd a god, with uncouth rites
By his rude offspring worshipp'd: they their course
Adventurous steer'd to these alluring shores.
First Hengist, valiant chief; nor yet less wise
Than valiant: he the Cantian wold obtain'd,
His new domain; yielded by social league,
Or won by fair Rowena's conquering charms.
Next Ella, Cerdic, and th' intrepid race
Of Anglians from Eydora's northern stream,
Pour'd in their numerous hosts: nor British prowess,
Nor Merlin's spells, nor Arthur's puissant sword,
Hight Caliburn, fam'd in romantic tale,
Could long withstand th' impetuous onset bold
Of our great sires in battle. Soon they rais'd
On Britain's ruins seven imperial thrones;
Seven thrones conjoin'd at length in Cerdic's race:
From whose high source the stream of regal blood,
Thro' the long line of English monarchs, flows
Down to th' illustrious house of Lunenbourg,
From antient Brunswick nam'd, (Brunswick, the seat

Primeval of Saxonian chieftains old)
To George, great heir of Anglo-Saxon kings.

And Thou, Saxonia's brightest ornament
Erewhile, now England's boast, and highest pride,
Welcome to these congenial shores: to this
Ambiguous land, another Saxony.
See thine own people, thy compatriot tribes,
With heartfelt joy, and zealous loud acclaim,
Thy blest arrival hail. Tho' sever'd long
From their original soil, on foreign stock
Tho' grafted, not degenerate: still within
Works the wild vigour of the parent root.
Rough, hardy, brave: by force intractable,
Or lawless rule: patient of equal sway;
With civil freedom tempering regal power.
Be this thy better country; nor regret
Thy natal plains, tho' dear: here thou shalt find
What largely shall o'erpay thy loss. Lo! here
Thy Parent, Brother, Friend, all charities
Compris'd in one, thy consort, with fond wish,
Expects thee; scepter'd George, with every grace
Adorn'd; yet more renown'd for Virtue's praise,
Faith, honor, in green years wisdom mature,
True majesty with awful goodness crown'd.
He shall assuage thy grief: his thoughtful breast,
Studious of England's glory and Europe's weal,
Thou in return shalt sooth with tender smiles,
Endearing blandishment, and equal love.

Nor shall, Heaven's gift, fruit of the genial bed,
Be wanting; pledge of public happiness
Secure; dear source of long domestic joys.
Here shalt thou reign, a second Caroline;
Diffusing from the throne a milder ray,
Soft beauty's inexpressive influence sweet.
Prompt to relieve th' opprest; to wipe away
The widow's tears; to call forth modest worth;
To cherish drooping virtue: patroness
Of science and of arts; friend to the muse,
Of every grateful muse the favorite theme.

Hail, sovereign lady, dearest dread! accept
Even now this homage of th' officious Muse,
That on the verge extreme of Albion's cliff
With gratulation thy first steps prevents,
Tho' mean, yet ardent; and salutes thine ear
With kindred accents in Teutonic lays.

EPISTLE XIX.

ON THE
DEATH OF
KING GEORGE THE SECOND.
AND ACCESSION OF
KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM PITT,
[Afterwards Earl of Chatham.]
BEING THE CONCLUDING COPY OF OXFORD VERSES.

BY THOMAS WARTON, B.D.

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave!
So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!—
O Pitt! if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verse, from sacred Isis sent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans which ancient Freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th' assembled Nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings:
Thy tongue well tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore:
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispens'd in Graecia's golden days:
Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
She cull'd to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;
When virtuous Pindar, told with Tuscan gore
How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
Bright vales where spirits of the brave repos'd:
Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd she sate,
The decent hand-maid, not the slave of state:
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
For, taught like ours, she dar'd with prudent pride,
Obedience from dependance to divide:
Tho' princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
Conscious she kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And sure, if e'er the Muse indulg'd her strains,
With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame as George's trophied throne?

At whose firm base, thy stedfast soul aspires
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each fair decree,
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
As erst stout archers from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state;
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
To feel, to think, to speak for public good.
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
One common cause, one common end prescribes;
Nor fear nor fraud, or spares or screens the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valor strikes the blow.
O Pitt, while honor points thy liberal plan,
And o'er the minister exalts the man,
Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay;
For science still is justly fond to blend,
With thine, her practice, principles, and end.

'Tis not for her, by false connections drawn,
At splendid Slavery's sordid shrine to fawn;
Each native effort of the feeling breast
To friends, to foes, in servile fear supprest:
'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
The phantom favors of the cringing crew;
More useful toils her studious hours engage,
And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
In elder times she woo'd Munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
Princes and prelates stretch'd the social band,
To form, diffuse, and fix her high command;
From Kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek the prize,
From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise.

Lo, this her genuine lore. Nor thou refuse
This humble present of no partial Muse,
From that calm bower, which nurs'd thy thoughtful youth
In the pure precepts of Athenian truth:
Where first the form of British Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye:
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which every classic Grace had learn'd to rove)

Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign;
That reign, which, now no more an empty theme,
Adorns philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
In full reality this favor'd isle.

EPISTLE XX.

ON THE
MARRIAGE OF
KING GEORGE THE THIRD,
AND
QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

TO THE QUEEN.

By the Same.

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
When Albion's isles, old Ocean's peerless pride,
Tower'd in imperial state above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!

And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat,
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:
Lo! this the land where Freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd, thro' many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's, the people's good;

Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low:
Here wak'd the flame that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:
Here chivalry, stern school of valor old,
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd;
Heroic champions heard the clarion's call,
And throng'd the board in Edward's banner'd hall;
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamantine zone.
Lo! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temperate suns display;
Where Property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence ripe with stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound;
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold the opulence of hoarded war!
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream,
On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!
Mean time, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand;
Whose splendid domes, and tradeful streets declare,
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And O! blest queen, if e'er the magic powers
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours;

Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
'Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd:
While cunning bards, at ancient banquets, sung
Of Paynim foes defy'd, and trophies hung:
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a queen like thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspere drew:
But chief, the mournful group of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissu'd vest!
Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
High soar'd to steal from Heaven a seraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.
Thine too, majestic bride! the favor'd clime,
Where Science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime——
O mark how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays!
Thither if haply some distinguish'd flower
Of these mix'd blooms, from that ambrosial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and, rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honor due;
If seemly gifts the train of Phoebus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain;

Pleas'd in the Muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside,
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
Which claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.—

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace,
With rapt reflection, Freedom's favorite race!
But tho' the generous isle, in arts and arms,
Thus stands supreme, in Nature's choicest charms;
Tho' George and conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
One happier blessing still she calls her own;
And, proud a fresh increase of fame to view,
Crowns all her glory by possessing you.

EPISTLE XXI.

TO

MR. WHITEHEAD,

ON HIS

BEING MADE POET-LAUREAT.

M D CCLVII.

BY RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

'Tis so—though we're surpris'd to hear it:
The laurel is bestow'd on merit.
How hush'd is every envious voice!
Confounded by so just a choice,
Though by prescriptive right prepar'd
To libel the selected bard.

But as you see the statesman's fate
In this our democratic state,
Whom virtue strives in vain to guard
From the rude pamphlet and the card;
You'll find the demagogues of Pindus
In envy not a jot behind us:
For each Aonian politician
(Whose element is opposition),

Will shew how greatly they surpass us
In gall and wormwood at Parnassus.

Thus as the same detracting spirit
Attends on all distinguish'd merit,
When 'tis your turn, observe, the quarrel
Is not with you, but with the laurel.

Suppose that laurel on your brow
For cypress chang'd, funereal bough!
See all things take a diff'rent turn!
The very critics sweetly mourn,
And leave their satire's pois'nous sting
In plaintive elegies to sing:
With solemn threnody and dirge
Conduct you to Elysium's verge.
At Westminster the surplic'd dean
The sad but honorable scene
Prepares. The well-attended herse
Bears you amid the kings of verse.
Each rite observ'd, each duty paid,
Your fame on marble is display'd,
With symbols which your genius suit,
The mask, the buskin, and the flute;
The laurel crown aloft is hung;
And o'er the sculptur'd lyre unstrung
Sad allegoric figures leaning—
(How folks will gape to find their meaning!)
And a long epitaph is spread,
Which happy You will never read.

But hold—The change is so inviting,
I own, I tremble while I'm writing.
Yet, WHITEHEAD, 'tis too soon to lose you:
Let critics flatter or abuse you,
O! teach us, ere you change the scene
To Stygian banks from Hippocrene,
How free-born bards should strike the strings,
And how a Briton write to kings.

EPISTLE XXII.

TO

MR. GARRICK.

By the Same.

On old Parnassus, t'other day,
The Muses met to sing and play;
Apart from all the rest were seen
The Tragic and the Comic Queen,
Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate,
On Rich's, or on Fleetwood's fate.
When on a sudden, news was brought
That Garrick had the patent got,
And both their ladyships again
Might now return to Drury-lane.
They bow'd, they simper'd, and agreed,
They wish'd the project might succeed.
'Twas very possible, the case
Was likely too and had a face——
A face! Thalia titt'ring cry'd,
And could her joy no longer hide;
Why, sister, all the world must see
How much this makes for you and me;

No longer now shall we expose
Our unbought goods to empty rows,
Or meanly be oblig'd to court
From foreign aid a weak support;
No more the poor polluted scene
Shall teem with births of Harlequin.
Or vindicated stage shall feel
The insults of the dancer's heel.
Such idle trash we'll kindly spare
To opera's now—they'll want them there;
For Sadler's-Wells, they say, this year
Has quite undone their engineer.

Pugh, you're a wag, the buskin'd prude
Reply'd, and smil'd; besides 'tis rude
To laugh at foreigners, you know,
And triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe:
For my part, I shall be content
If things succeed as they are meant;
And should not be displeas'd to find
Some changes of the tragic kind.
And say, THALIA, mayn't we hope
The stage will take a larger scope?
Shall he, whose all-expressive powers
Can reach the heights that SHAKSPERE soars,
Descend to touch an humbler key,
And tickle ears with poetry;
Where every tear is taught to flow
Through many line's melodious woe,
And heart-felt pangs of deep distress

Are fritter'd into similes?
—O thou, whom Nature taught the art
To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,
Whatever name delight thine ear,
OTHELLO, RICHARD, HAMLET, LEAR,
O undertake my just defence,
And banish all but Nature hence!
See, to thy aid with streaming eyes
The fair afflicted CONSTANCE flies;
Now wild as winds in madness tears
Her heaving breasts and scatter'd hairs;
Or low on earth disdain relief,
With all the conscious pride of grief.
My PRITCHARD too in HAMLET's queen—
The goddess of the sportive vein
Here stop'd her short, and with a sneer,
My PRITCHARD, if you please, my dear!
Her tragic merit I confess,
But surely mine's her proper dress;
Behold her there with native ease,
And native spirit, born to please;
With all MARIA's charms engage,
Or MILWOOD's arts, or TOUCHWOOD's rage,
Through every foible trace the fair,
Or leave the town, and toilet's care,
To chaunt in forests unconfin'd,
The wilder notes of ROSALIND.

O thou, where'er thou fix thy praise,
BRUTE, DRUGGER, FRIBBLE, RANGER, BAYS!

O join with her in my behalf,
And teach an audience when to laugh.
So shall buffoons with shame repair
To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,
And real humor charm the age,
Though FALSTAFF should forsake the stage.

She spoke. MELPOMENE reply'd,
And much was said on either side;
And many a chief, and many a fair,
Were mention'd to their credit there.
But I'll not venture to display
What goddessses think fit to say.
However, GARRICK, this at least
Appears, by both a truth confess'd,
That their whole fate for many a year
But hangs on your paternal care.
A nation's taste depends on you;
—Perhaps a nation's virtue too.
O think how glorious 'twere to raise
A theatre to Virtues's praise;
Where no indignant blush might rise,
Nor wit be taught to plead for vice:
But every young attentive ear
Imbibe the precepts, living there;
And every unexperienc'd breast
There feel its own rude hints express'd,
And, waken'd by the glowing scene,
Unfold the worth that lurks within.

If possible, be perfect quite;
A few short rules will guide you right.
Consult your own good sense in all,
Be deaf to fashion's fickle call,
Nor e'er descend from Reason's laws
To court what you command, applause.

EPISTLE XXIII.

NATURE.

TO

DR. HOADLY,

ON HIS COMEDY OF THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

BY

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

SLY hypocrite! was this your aim?
To borrow Paeon's sacred name,
And lurk beneath his graver mien,
To trace the secrets of my reign?
Did I for this applaud your zeal,
And point out each minuter wheel,
Which finely taught the next to roll,
And made my works one perfect whole?
For who but I, 'till you appear'd
To model the dramatic herd,
E'er bade to wond'ring ears and eyes,
Such pleasing intricacies rise?
Where every part is nicely true,
Yet touches still some master clue;

Each riddle opening by degrees,
'Till all unravels with such ease,
That only those who will be blind
Can feel one doubt perplex their mind.

Nor was't enough, you thought to write,
But you must impiously unite
With GARRICK too, who long before
Had stole my whole expressive pow'r.
That changeful Proteus of the stage
Usurps my mirth, my grief, my rage;
And as his diff'rent parts incline,
Gives joys or pains, sincere as mine.

Yet you shall find (howe'er elate
You triumph in your former cheat)
'Tis not so easy to escape
In Nature's as in Paeon's shape.
For every critic, great or small,
Hates every thing that's natural.
The beaus, and ladies too, can say,
What does he mean? Is this a play?
We see such people every day.
Nay more, to chafe, and teaze your spleen,
And teach you how to steal again,
My very fools shall prove you're bit,
And damn you for your want of wit.

EPISTLE XXIV.

TO

MR. GARRICK.

ON HIS

ERECTING A TEMPLE AND STATUE TO SHAKSPERE.

BY RICHARD BERENGER, ESQ.

---Viridi in campo signum de marmore ponam
Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Thamesis, et multa praetexit arundine ripas;
In medio mihi SHAKSPERE erit, templumque tenebit.

WHERE yonder trees rise high in cheerful air,
Where yonder banks eternal verdure wear,
And opening flow'rs diffusing sweets around,
Paint with their vivid hues the happy ground;
While Thames majestic rolls the meads between,
And with his silver current crowns the scene:
There GARRICK, satiate of well-earn'd applause,
From crowds and shouting theatres withdraws:
There courts the Muse, turns o'er th' instructive page,
And meditates new triumphs for the stage.
Thine, SHAKSPERE, chief—for thou must ever shine
His pride, his boast, unequall'd and divine.
There too thy vot'ry, to thy merit just,
Hath rais'd the dome, and plac'd thy honor'd bust,

Bidding the pile to future times proclaim
His veneration for thy mighty name.
A place more fit his zeal could never find
Than this fair spot, an emblem of the mind—
As *hill* and *dale there* charm the wond'ring eye,
Such sweet variety thy *scenes* supply—
Like the tall trees sublime thy genius tow'rs,
Sprightly thy fancy as the opening flow'rs;
While, copious as the tide Thames pours along,
Flow the sweet numbers of thy heav'nly song,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong—
Look down, great shade, with pride this tribute see,
The hand that pays it makes it worthy thee—
As fam'd Apelles was allow'd alone
To paint the form august of Philip's son,
None but a GARRICK can, O bard divine!
Lay a *fit* offering on thy hallow'd shrine.
To speak thy worth is his peculiar boast,
He best can tell it, for he feels it most.
Blest bard! thy fame through every age shall grow,
Till *Nature* cease to charm, or Thames to flow.
Thou too, with him, whose fame thy talents raise,
Shalt share our wonder, and divide our praise;
Blended with this thy merits rise to view,
And half thy SHAKPERE's fame to thee is due:
Unless the actor with the bard conspire,
How impotent his strength, how faint his fire!
One boasts the *mine*, one brings the gold to *light*,
And the Muse triumphs in the Actor's *might*;
Too weak to give her own conceptions birth,

Till all-expressive *Action* call them forth.
Thus the sweet pipe, mute in itself, no sound
Sends forth, nor breathes its pleasing notes around;
But if some swain, with happy skill endu'd,
Inspire with animating breath the wood,
Wak'd into voice, it pours its tuneful strains,
The harmony divine enchants the plains.

Quod spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.— HOR.

EPISTLE XXV.

TO

MR. GARRICK,

ON

RECEIVING HIS PORTRAIT,

PAINTED BY

MR. DANCE.

GARRICK! whate'er resembles thee
Must ever claim regard from me;
Well pleas'd I view thy counter part,
And highly praise the Painter's art.

Arduous the task is, great the merit,
To represent that fire and spirit,
Those piercing eyes, that speaking face,
That form, compos'd of ease and grace:——
All this I feel;——could feelings do,
Then I should be a Painter too;
I should draw GARRICK, and perchance
Produce a work, t' outrival DANCE.

But GARRICK, sure thou need'st not send
A gift of this sort to thy friend,
As if that friend requir'd to see
Something to make him think of thee.

Whoe'er has seen thy wond'rous pow'rs,
Whoe'er has shar'd thy social hours,
Can he, can such a one forget
Thy native humor, sterling wit?
No, GARRICK——he must surely find,
Deeply imprinted on his mind,
In such warm tints, thy form and face,
No time or distance can efface.

EPISTLE XXVI.

TO

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

AT

MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

BY THE LATE

EARL OF CHATHAM.

LEAVE, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts, and navies, brightening all the bay:
To my plain roof repair, primaeval seat!
Yet there no wonders your quick eye can meet,
Save, should you deem it wonderful to find
Ambition cur'd, and an unpassion'd mind;
A statesman without power, and without gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all;
Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
Votary alone to freedom and the laws.
Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
And, interspers'd, an heart-enlivening train
Of sportive children frolic o'er the green;
Meantime pure Love looks on, and consecrates the scene.

Come, then, immortal Spirit of the stage,
Great Nature's proxy, glass of every age!
Come, taste the simple life of Patriarchs old,
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp or gold.

EPISTLE XXVII.

MR. GARRICK's

ANSWER.

When Peleus' son, untaught to yield,
Wrathful forsook the hostile field,
His breast still warm with heavenly fire,
He tun'd the lay, and swept the lyre.

So, Chatham, whose exalted soul
Pervaded and inspir'd the whole,
Where far by martial glory led,
Britain her sails and banners spread,
Retires (though Wisdom's God dissuades)
And seeks repose in rural shades:
Yet thither comes the God confess'd;
Celestial form! a well-known guest.

Nor slow he moves with solemn air,
Not on his brow hangs pensive care;
Nor in his hand th' historic page
Gives lessons to experienc'd age,
As when in vengeful ire he rose,
And plann'd the fate of Britain's foes,

While the wing'd Hours obedient stand,
And instant speed the dread command.

Chearful he came, all blythe and gay,
Fair blooming like the son of May;
Adown his radiant shoulder hung
A harp, by all the Muses strung:
Smiling he to his friend resign'd
This soother of the human mind.

EPISTLE XXVIII.

UPON

MR. MASON's

TAKING ORDERS.

BY MR. GARRICK.

To Holdernesse, the Muses three,
Of Painting, Music, Poetry,
To him, their long-lov'd patron, friend,
In grievous pet this letter send——
Give ear, my Lord, while we complain,
Our sex to you ne'er sigh'd in vain.
'Tis said—A youth by you befriended,
Whom to your smiles we recommended;
Seduc'd by you, abjures our charms,
And flies for ever from our arms!
Could D'Arcy, whom we lov'd, caress'd,
In whose protection we were bless'd,
Could he, to whom our Sire imparts
That secret rare to taste our arts,
Could he, ungrateful, and unkind!
From us estrange our Mason's mind?

Could he, who serves and loves the nation,
So little weigh its reputation,
As in this scarcity of merit,
To damp with grace poetic spirit:
But be assur'd your scheme is vain—
He must, he shall be ours again:
Nor crape nor lawn shall quench his fires,
We'll fill his breast with new desires;
In vain you plead his ordination,
His cassock, gown, and grave vocation,
Whate'er he now has sworn, he swore
With stronger zeal to us before:
He pass'd our forms of consecration,
His lips receiv'd our inspiration;
To him were all our rites reveal'd,
From him no myst'ry was conceal'd——
Each kindred pow'r obey'd our call,
And grac'd the solemn festival!
The Loves forsook their Cyprian bow'rs,
And round his temples wreath'd their flow'rs;
The Graces danc'd their mystic maze,
Our Father struck him with his rays;
And all our Sisters, one by one,
Gave him full draughts of Helicon!
Thus bound our servant at the shrine,
Ordain'd he was, and made divine.

EPISTLE XXIX.

TO

MR. GARRICK.

ON MEETING HIM AT MR. RIGBY'S.

BY CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, ESQ.

THROUGH ev'ry part of grief or mirth,
To which the mimic stage gives birth,
I ne'er as yet with truth could tell
Where most your various pow'rs excel.
Sometimes amidst the laughing scene,
Blithe Comedy, with jocund mien,
By you in livelier colors drest,
With transport clasp'd you to her breast:
As oft the buskin'd Muse appear'd,
With awful brow her sceptre rear'd;
Recounted all your laurels won,
And claim'd you for her darling son.
Thus each contending goddess strove,
And each the fairest garland wove.

But which fair Nymph could justly boast
Her beauties had engag'd you most,
I doubted much; 'till, 'tother day,
Kind Fortune threw me in your way;
Where, 'midst the friendly joys that wait
Philander's hospitable gate,
Freedom and genuine mirth I found,
Sporting the jovial board around.
'Twas there with keen, tho' polish'd, jest,
You sat, a pleas'd and pleasing guest;
With social ease a part sustain'd,
More humorous far than ere you feign'd.
"Take him, I cry'd, bright comic Maid,
In all your native charms array'd;
No longer shall my doubts appear:"
When Clio whisper'd in my ear,
"Go, bid it be no more disputed,
For what his talents best are suited;
In mimic characters alone
Let others shine—but Garrick in his own."

EPISTLE XXX.

MR. GARRICK's

ANSWER.

As late at Comus' court I sat,
(Observe me well, I mean not that
Where ribaldry in triumph sits,
Delighting lords, and 'squires, and cits;
But there, where mirth and taste combine,
And Rigby gives more wit than wine)
Suspended for a while the joke,
With rapture of your muse we spoke;
But all blam'd me, cry'd out, oh! fye!
What! send to verse a prose reply?
My friend, the Colonel, made the attack,
And wicked Calvert clapp'd his back.
Nay, Pottinger, tho' low in feather,
And somewhat ruffled by the weather,
Would peck and crow; and Madam Hale
Flew at my manners tooth and nail.
What! send to Anstey such dull stuff?
'Twas modesty, dear Hale; don't huff.
Cou'd I but rhyme as much as you,
And think that much as charming too,

I'd write, and write again; I care not;
But, as I feel, indeed I dare not.
Then Cox let loose his silver tongue;
O d—n it, David, you are wrong:
While independent Plummer cry'd,
He'd not vote plump on either side.
E'en Boon, who ne'er inclines to satire,
With modest sense and much good nature,
Cou'd not but say there was some blame,
And sweet Eliza blush'd the same.
My wife look'd grave, but made it known
The right to vex me was her own.
Our landlord shook his sides and shoulders,
Both at the scolded and the scolders:
For that to him is always best,
Which raises and supports the jest.
No baited bear was e'er so worry'd;
I took my hat, and home I hurry'd,
Resolv'd, as well as I was able,
To ask your pardon in a Fable;
The best excuse my prudence knows,
For answ'ring your choice verse in prose.

A monkey of the sprightly kind
Could mock and mimic half mankind:
Cou'd twist him to a thousand shapes;
In short, a perfect jackanapes.
At once our mimic Pug display'd
His talents in the summer shade,

By chance a nightingale was there,
Well pleas'd the farce to see and hear.
His joy began his notes to raise;
He warbled forth the monkey's praise.
Pug, too much flatter'd, thought it wrong,
Not to return his thanks in song;
And such a fit of squalling took him,
Beasts, birds, and nightingale forsook him.
An owl, who in a hole was dreaming,
Was rais'd at once with all this screaming;
Who-o-hoo! hoo! neighbour, curse your clatter!
Zounds! are you murder'd? what's the matter?
The monkey to his senses brought,
And must'ring what he had of thought,
Told to the owl his silly tale,
How he had scar'd the nightingale.
Grave Madge began to roll her eyes,
And being what she seem'd, most wise,
Thus spoke—Thou empty-headed thing,
Skip, grin, and chatter—never sing;
Wou'd you, without a voice, or ear,
Tune up, when Philomel is near?
Nature her pleasure has made known,
That nightingales shou'd sing alone.

EPISTLE XXXI.

TO

COLONEL CLIVE,

[Afterwards Lord,]

ON HIS ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M.A.

GREAT as from Porus' conquest, Philip's son,
Glorious as Cortez from new Indies won,
Midst trumpets loud acclaim, and cannons roar,
Welcome, illustrious Clive, to Britain's shore.
From eastern dawning, swift as Phœbus' rays,
We now behold thy full meridian blaze.
Proud of that chief, at whose impetuous course
Old Ganges trembled to his distant source;
Who, like fam'd Warwick, master of the crown,
On loftiest Nabobs look'd superior down,
And made the fierce Mogul, with conscious fear,
Startle, and deem a second Nadir near.
To thee her safety twice Bengalia owes,
Alike from Indian, and Batavian foes;
Hence in no dungeon now her sons remain,
Nor of a new Amboyna's fate complain!

And see! with wreaths by glorious toils acquir'd,
Kind Heaven rewards the genius it inspir'd;
Bestows thee all thy fondest wish could claim,
Unenvied fortune, and unspotted fame;
Thy aged sire's embrace, thy sovereign's praise,
And from a stranger-muse unpurchas'd lays.

EPISTLE XXXII.

DENNIS

TO

MR. THOMSON,

Who had procured him a Benefit-Night.

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find
Thy varied Seasons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy Muse,
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee;
That hoary season yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by time's bleak storms I withering lay,
Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay!
Yet shall my propless ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

EPISTLE XXXIII.

TO

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON

SEEING HIS PICTURE OF

MR. DRYDEN,

Drawn with the Bays in his Hand.

BY BAINBRIGG BUCKEREDGE, ESQ.

NAY, sure 'tis he! the living colors move,
And strike our souls with wonder and with love!
Has his soft lyre dissolv'd Death's fatal chain,
And given our Orpheus to the world again?
Such is thy art, great Kneller, as relieves
His mourning friends, and into joy deceives.
They who beneath the heaviest sorrow bend,
Who grieve not for the Poet, but the Friend.
When they behold this piece, their tears restrain,
And doubt a while if they lament in vain.
So those whom Fate destroys, thy hand can save,
And lengthen out a life beyond the grave.

Oh! do thou place on Dryden's learned brow
The sacred bays; for none dare envy now.
Thus He to future ages shall be shown,
Immortal in Thy Works, as in His Own.

EPISTLE XXXIV.

TO THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

PARDON, great Duke, if Britain's style delights;
Or, if th' Imperial title more invites,
Pardon, great Prince! the failings of a Muse,
That dares not hope for more than your excuse,
Forc'd at a distance to attempt your praise,
And sing your victories in mournful lays,
To cast in shadows, and allay the light
That wounds with nearer rays the dazzled sight,
Nor durst in a direct and open strain
Such acts with her unhallow'd notes profane:
In towering verse let meaner heroes grow,
And to elaborate lines their greatness owe;
Your actions, own'd by every nation, want
Praises no greater than a foe may grant.

Oh! when shall Europe, by her Marlborough's sword,
To lasting peace and liberty restor'd,
Allow her weary Champion a retreat,
To his lov'd country and his rising seat?

Where your soft partner, far from martial noise,
Your cares shall sweeten with domestic joys;
Your conquests she with doubtful pleasure hears,
And in the midst of every triumph fears;
Betwixt her Queen and You divides her life,
A Friend obsequious, and a faithful Wife.

Hail, Woodstock! hail, ye celebrated glades!
Grow fast, ye woods! and florish thick, ye shades!
Ye rising towers, for your new Lord prepare,
Like your old Henry, come from Gallia's war.
The General's arms as far the King's o'erpower,
As this new structure does surpass the bower.

The pleasing prospects and romantic scite,
The spacious compass, and the stately height,
The painted gardens, in their flowery prime,
Demand whole volumes of immortal rhyme;
And, if the Muse would second the design,
Mean as they are, should in my numbers shine;
There live the joy and wonder of our isles,
Happy in Albion's love and Anna's smiles.

While, from the Godlike race of Churchill born,
Four beauteous Rosamonds this bower adorn,
Who with the ancient Syren of the place
In charms might vie and every blooming grace;
But, bless'd with equal virtues had she been,
Like them she had been favor'd by the Queen,

Whom your high merit, and their own, prefers
To all the worthiest beds of England's Peers.

Thus the great Eagle, when Heaven's wars are o'er,
And the loud thunder has forgot to roar,
Jove's fires laid by, with those of Venus burns,
To his forsaken mate and shades returns;
On some proud tree more sacred than the rest,
With curious art he builds his spacious nest;
In the warm sun lies basking all the day,
While round their Sire the generous Eaglets play;
Their Sire, well pleas'd to see the noble brood
Fill all the loftiest cedars of the wood.

EPISTLE XXXV.

TO

LORD CARTERET,

[Afterwards Earl Granville,]

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

BY GEO. SEWELL, M.D.

" .....Animae, quales non candidiores
" Terra tulit.....' HOR.

SURE there's a fate in excellence, too strong
To struggle with the mortal fabric long;
Whether the weaken'd springs of life decay,
As active thoughts their energy display;
Or the Soul, scornful of her seat, aspires
And, like a guest unsatisfy'd, retires.
Or is Earth robb'd by a resuming Sky,
Only to show it can as fast supply?
Here scythe-arm'd Death the full-grown Virtues mows,
There the restoring hand of Plenty sows:
Thus patriots die, and patriots mount the sphere,
As some stars set, that others may appear.

Give me profuse of tears o'er Craggs to mourn,
And, grateful, consecrate the much-lov'd urn.
Severe Disease! what power shall mock thy speed,
Elusive of the skilful hand of Mead?
Yet was his course complete, though finish'd soon;
His sun was strong, though darken'd in its noon.
O may no tongue profane thy tomb invade,
Nor envy posthumous pursue thy shade!
Fair shine thy fame, and be thy praises just,
And mix with Addison's thy social dust!
The sweet-tongu'd Addison, whose happy vein
First rival'd, Plato, thy immortal strain;
Though Tully with a strong resemblance vy'd,
And Lewis crowded Academies try'd.
Illustrious friends! (if this poor verse can give
Life to your names) your friendly names shall live,
Long as the structure that your urns contains,
Or liberty with George's line remains.

Who thinks of liberty, but Stanhope's name
Beats in his breast, and sets his soul on flame?
O much-lamented Ghost! thy virtues show
Like stars which through yon azure convex glow;
A beauteous train, that speak the power divine,
And strong in brightness, as in number shine.
Grant Heaven some influence from his ashes dart,
To warm and actuate each British heart!
Divide his gifts! This be the Warrior's heir,
Here let the Statesman, there the Scholar share:

In him were all these various prospects crost,
And future Marlb'roughs and Godolphins lost.

Nor thou, O Carteret, with a frown disdain
The Muse that tunes this melancholy strain;
For who the virtuous grave with incense strows,
The fairest mark to living merit shows.
To count our loss, is only to foresee
What the demanding age expects from thee.
Then let it give its proudest wishes scope,
Thy deeds shall justify its boldest hope.

What is the dark-drawn scene of life supine?
A dream of entity without design,
A useless space 'twixt Nature's rise and fall,
Forgetting all things, and forgot of all?
What is the land of sciences when past?
A wild of thistles, or a barren waste;
Or vainly wordy, fruitful of dispute;
Or deep-reserv'd, unprofitably mute.
Few, very few, have on this dross refin'd,
To polish nations, and improve mankind.
These too at mighty distances are seen,
And many a lazy age must pass between.
Fate various eras mix'd, and doubtful draws
Between a Solon's and a Parker's laws.
From our first William's trace to George's days,
Few Walsinghams, and fewer Carterets blaze.

Thee, early ripe, with every grace endued,
The Muses with an eye of blessing view'd:
They form'd thy manners ductile to the lyre,
And bade thee to the noblest seats aspire:
Hence wit and elegance of spirit flow'd,
And the sweet habitude of doing good.
As in the seed to curious eyes appear
The gay unfolded beauties of the year,
The future grove looks green in lesser lines,
And the next harvest in its nonage shines:
The statesman thus was figur'd in thy prime,
And waited but the ripening hour of Time;
Nor waited long; thy Genius took a flight,
Out-wing'd thy years, and hasten'd to its height.
As the sun's rays the wakening plants prepare,
As the wing'd whirlwind moves the passive air,
Such is the Genius to the human frame,
An active, vital, and dilating flame,
That mounts beyond the view of vulgar reach,
And puts the principles of life on stretch.

Such, Carteret, in thy breast thy Monarch saw,
And sent thee forth to give rough nations law;
Long-harrass'd Sweden with new life to chear,
And bid War rest upon his iron spear.
Mad waste of rage! how wide thy vengeance flew,
Nor breathing respite of the seasons knew;
The Summer meadow, and the Winter flood,
Only distinguish'd by degrees of blood.

The plunderer's hand consuming unrestrain'd,
As jealous of her store, ev'n Nature drain'd;
Her surface wasted, deeper still engag'd,
And in the centre of her treasure rag'd.
Then timely, Carteret, rose thy peaceful star,
To calm the Dane, and check the fiercer Czar:
What hand soe'er shall fix the great design,
The first plantation of that Olive's thine.

Now in thy councils let thy country share;
She best deserves, and most will bless thy care:
An age in faction and corruption lost,
And only haunted by dead Virtue's ghost,
Asks a Lycurgus to correct the times,
And Draco's sentences for unmatch'd crimes.
The shatter'd State, though fearful of her doom,
Sees a new light break chearful through the gloom;
And still secure the public vessel rides,
While Carteret ministers, and George presides.

EPISTLE XXXVI.

ON

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE's

BIRTH-DAY,

Aug. the 26th.

BY

THE HONORABLE

GEORGE DODDINGTON,

[Afterwards Lord Melcombe.]

All hail, auspicious day, whose wish'd return
Bids every breast with grateful ardor burn;
While pleas'd Britannia that great man surveys
The Prince may trust, and yet the People praise:
One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease,
One born to serve us, and yet born to please;
His soul capacious, yet his judgment clear,
His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere:
His counsels guide, his temper cheers our isle,
And smiling gives three kingdoms cause to smile.
August, how bright thy golden scenes appear,
Thou fairest daughter of the various year!
On thee the Sun with all his ardor glows,
On thee in dowry all its fruits bestows;

The greatest Prince, the foremost son of Fame,
To thee bequeath'd the glories of his name;
Nature and Fortune thee their darling chose,
Nor could they grace thee more, 'till Walpole rose.
By steps to mighty things Fate makes her way,
The Sun and Caesar but prepar'd this day.

EPISTLE XXXVII.

TO

HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL,

UPON READING THE PREAMBLE TO THE PATENT,

Creating him

DUKE OF GREENWICH.

BY MR. POPE.

MINDLESS of fate, in these low vile abodes,
Tyrants have oft usurp'd the style of gods;
But that the mortal may be thought divine,
The herald straight new-modell'd all his line;
And venal priest, with well-dissembled lie,
Preambled to the crowd the mimic Deity.
Not so great Saturn's son, imperial Jove,
He reigns unquestion'd in his realms above;
No title from descent he need infer,
His red right arm proclaims the thunderer.
This, Campbell, be thy pride, illustrious peer,
Alike to shine distinguish'd in thy sphere.
All merit but thine own thou may'st disdain,
And kings have been thine ancestors in vain.

EPISTLE XXXVIII.

TO

THE AUTHOR

OF A

PANEGYRIC

ON

MRS. GRACE BUTLER,

WHO DIED AGED LXXXVI.

SUPPOSED FROM HER SPIRIT.

By the Same.

STRIPT to the naked soul, escap'd from clay,
From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolv'd in day;
Unwarm'd by vanity; unreach'd by strife;
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life,
Why am I charm'd by Friendship's fond essays,
And, tho' unbodied, conscious of thy praise?
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
Does passion still the formless mind control?
Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath?
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the glooms of death?

No,—'tis a spirit's nobler taste of bliss!
That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this;
That not its own applause, but thine, approves;
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves!
Who liv'st, to crown departed friends with fame!
Then, dying late, shalt all thou gav'st reclaim.

EPISTLE XXXIX

BY THE

RIGHT HON. THE

EARL OF CARLISLE,

ON HIS

SCHOOLFELLOWS WHILE AT ETON.

In youth, 'tis said, you easily may scan,
Strong stamp'd, the outlines of the future man;
This maxim true, how bright will St. John shine,
Form'd by the hand of all the tuneful Nine!
If not to careless indolence a prey,
How will whole nations listen to his lay!

Say, will Fitzwilliam ever want a heart
Cheerful, his ready blessings to impart?
Will not another's woe his bosom share,
The widow's sorrow, and the orphan's prayer?
Who aids the old, who soothes the mother's cry,
Who wipes the tear from off the virgin's eye?
Who feeds the hungry? Who assists the lame?
All, all re-echo with Fitzwilliam's name.
Thou know'st I hate to flatter, yet in thee
No fault, my friend, no single speck I see.

Nor, if alike my former maxims true,
Shall e'er ill-nature tinge thy heart, Buccleugh;
Shall deep remorse thy honest bosom tear,
Disdainful anger, or corroding care;
Shall e'er ambition dissipate that smile,
Disturb that heart, so free from every guile:
Sooner to Bute shall Temple bend his knee,
And * or * * pious Christians be.

How will my Fox, alone, thy strength of parts,
Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts
Of fearful statesmen? while around you stand
Both Peers and Commons listening your command;
While Tully's sense its weight to you affords,
His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words;
What praise to Pitt, to Townshend e'er was due,
In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you.

Mild as the dew that whitens yonder plain,
Legge shines serenest 'midst your youthful train;
He whom the search of Fame with rapture moves,
Disdains the pedant, tho' the Muse he loves;
By nature form'd with modesty to please,
And join'd with wisdom unaffected ease.

Will e'er Ophaly, consciously unjust,
Revoke his promise, or betray his trust?
What, tho' perhaps with warmer zeal he'd hear
The echoing horn, the sportsman's hearty cheer,

Than god-like Homer's elevated song;
Loud as the torrent, as the billows strong;
Cast o'er this fault a friendly veil, you'll find
A friendly, social, and ingenuous mind.
Witness, ye Naiads, and ye guardian powers,
Who sit sublime on Henry's lofty towers;
Witness if e'er I saw thy open brow
Sunk in despair, or sadden'd into woe,
Well-natur'd Stavordale—the task is thine
Foremost in pleasure's festive band to shine:
Say, wilt thou pass alone the midnight hour,
Studious the depths of Plato to explore?
To lighter subjects shall thy soul give way,
Nor heed what grave philosophers shall say?
The God of Mirth shall list thee in his train,
A cheerful vot'ry and the foe of pain.

Whether I Storer sing in hours of joy,
When every look bespeaks the inward boy;
Or when no more mirth wantons in his breast,
And all the man appears in him confest;
In mirth, in sadness, sing him how I will,
Sense and good-nature must attend him still.

EPISTLE XL.

TO THE

EARL OF CARLISLE.

OCCASIONED BY THE PRECEDING.

My Lord, your verses, penn'd with so much ease,
The fair, the young, and ev'n the critics please;
Such solid sense, and grace, and judgment meet,
We add the epithet of Strong to Sweet.
That some are peers by stars and strings we find;
You, by intrinsic nobleness of mind;
Fair Fancy's manly strokes your lines adorn;
We truly may pronounce you poet born:
And if in youth your genius we may scan,
How will it glow, and brighten in the man!
True sings the bard, that one well-natur'd deed
Does all desert in sciences exceed:
And if, my Lord, from what you write, we guess,
Yourself those virtues, which you paint, possess:

The sense of St. John, Fox, and Legge's your due,
The sweetness of unblameable Buccleugh;
Ophaly's honor, Stavordale's desert,
Storer's good-nature, and Fitzwilliam's heart.

EPISTLE XLI.

TO

MR. CONGREVE.

OCCASIONED BY HIS

"WAY OF THE WORLD."

BY MR. STEELE,

[Afterwards Sir Richard.]

WHEN Pleasure's falling to the low delight,
In the vain joys of the uncertain sight;
No sense of Wit when rude spectators know,
But in distorted gesture, farce and show;
How could, great Author, your aspiring mind,
Dare to write only to the few refin'd!
Yet, though that nice ambition you pursue,
'Tis not in Congreve's power to please but few.
Implicitly devoted to his fame,
Well-dress'd Barbarians know his awful name;
Though senseless they're of mirth, but when they laugh,
As they feel wine, but when, till drunk, they quaff.

On you from Fate a lavish portion fell,
In every way of writing to excell.

Your Muse applause to Arabella brings,
In notes as sweet as Arabella sings.
Whene'er you draw an undissembled woe,
With sweet distress your rural numbers flow;
Pastora's the complaint of every swain,
Pastora still the echo of the plain!
Or, if your Muse describe, with warming force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his horse;
And her own William, glorious in the strife,
Bestowing on the prostrate foe his life:
You the great act as generously rehearse,
And all the English fury's in your verse.

By your selected scenes and handsome choice,
Ennobled Comedy exalts her voice;
You check unjust esteem and fond desire,
And teach to scorn what else we should admire;
The just impression taught by you we bear,
The player acts the world, the world the player,
Whom still that world unjustly disesteems,
Though he alone professes what he seems.

But, when your Muse assumes her tragic part,
She conquers and she reigns in every heart;
To mourn with her, men cheat their private woe,
And generous pity's all the grief they know;
The widow, who, impatient of delay,
From the town joys must mask it to the play,
Joins with your Mourning-Bride's resistless moan,
And weeps a loss she slighted when her own.

You give us torment, and you give us ease,
And vary our affections as you please;
Is not a heart so kind as yours in pain,
To load your friends with cares you only feign;
Your friends in grief, compos'd yourself, to leave?
But 'tis the only way you'll e'er deceive.
Then still, great Sir, your moving power employ,
To lull our sorrow, and correct our joy.

EPISTLE XLII.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF CLARISSA.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, A.M.

If, 'mid their round of pleasure, to convey
An useful lesson to the young and gay;
To swell their eyes with pearly drops, and share,
With cards and dress, the converse of the fair:
If, with the boasted bards of classic age,
Th' attention of the learned to engage,
And in the bosom of the rake to raise
A tender, social feeling—merit praise;
The gay, the fair, the learn'd, even rakes, agree
To give that praise to Nature, Truth, and thee.

Transported now to Harlowe-Place, we view
Thy matchless maid her godlike tasks pursue;
Visit the sick or needy, and bestow
Drugs to relieve, or words to soften woe;
Or with the pious Lewen, hear her soar

Heights unattain'd by female minds before.
Then to her ivy-bower she pleas'd retires,
And with light touch the trembling keys inspires:
While wakeful Philomel no more complains,
But, raptur'd, listens to her sweeter strains.

Now (direful contrast!) in each gloomy shade
Behold a pitying swain, or weeping maid!
And hark! with sullen swing, the tolling bell
Proclaims that loss which language fails to tell.
In awful silence soon a sight appears,
That points their sorrows, and renews their tears:
For, lo! far-blackening all the verdant meads,
With slow parade the funeral pomp proceeds:
Methinks even now I hear th' encumber'd ground,
And pavement, echo with a rumbling sound:
And see the servant's tearful eyes declare
With speaking look, the herse, the herse, is here!

But, O thou sister of Clarissa's heart,
Can I the anguish of thy soul impart,
When, from your chariot flown with breathless haste,
Her clay-cold form, yet beauteous, you embrac'd;
And cried with heaving sobs, and broken strains,
Are these—are these—my much-lov'd friend's remains?
Then view each Harlowe-face; remorse, despair
And self-condemning grief, are pictur'd there.
Now first the brother feels, with guilty sighs,
Fraternal passions in his bosom rise:

By shame and sorrow equally opprést,
The sister wrings her hands, and beats her breast.
With streaming eyes, too late, the mother blames
Her tame submission to the tyrant James:
Even he, the gloomy father, o'er the herse
Laments his rashness, and recalls his curse.
And thus each parent, who, with haughty sway,
Expects his child to tremble and obey;
Who hopes his power by rigor to maintain,
And meanly worships at the shrine of gain;
Shall mourn his error, and, repenting, own,
That bliss can ne'er depend on wealth alone.
Riches may charm, and pageantry invite:
But what are these, unless the minds unite?
Drive then insatiate avarice from your breast,
Nor think a Solmes can make Clarissa blest.

And you, ye fair, the wish of every heart,
Though grac'd by Nature, and adorn'd by art,
Tho' sprightly youth its vernal bloom bestow,
And on your cheeks the blush of beauty glow,
Here see how soon those roses of a day,
Nipt by a frost, fade, wither, and decay!
Nor youth nor beauty could Clarissa save,
Snatch'd to an early, not untimely grave.
But still her own unshaken innocence,
Spotless and pure, unconscious of offence,
In the dread hour of death her bosom warm'd
With more than manly courage, and disarm'd

The griesly king: in vain the tyrant tried
His awful terrors—for she smil'd and died.

You too, ye libertines, who idly jest
With virtue wrong'd, and innocence distrest;
Who vainly boast of what should be your shame,
And triumph in the wreck of female fame;
Be warn'd, like Belford, and behold, with dread,
The hand of vengeance hovering o'er your head!
If not, in Belton's agonies you view
What dying horrors are reserv'd for you.

In vain even Lovelace, healthy, young, and gay,
By nature form'd to please, and to betray,
Tried from himself, by change of place, to run;
For that intruder, Thought, he could not shun.
Tasteless were all the pleasures that he view'd
In foreign courts; for conscience still pursu'd:
The lost Clarissa each succeeding night,
In starry garment, swims before his sight;
Nor ease by day her shrill complaints afford,
But far more deeply wound than Morden's sword.

O! if a sage had thus on Attic plains
Improv'd at once and charm'd the listening swains;
Had he, with matchless energy of thought,
Great truths like these in antient Athens taught:
On fam'd Ilyssus' banks in Parian stone
His breathing bust conspicuous would have shone

Ev'n Plato, in Lyceum's awful shade,
Th' instructive page with transport had survey'd;
And own'd its author to have well supplied
The place his laws to Homer's self denied.

EPISTLE XLIII.

TO

MRS. BINDON,

At Bath.

BY THE HONORABLE

SIR CHA. HANBURY WILLIAMS, BART.

Apollo of old on Britannia *did* smile,
And Delphi forsook for the sake of this isle.
Around him he lavishly scatter'd his lays,
And in every wilderness planted his bays;
Then Chaucer and Spenser harmonious were heard,
Then Shakspere, and Milton, and Waller appear'd,
And Dryden, whose brows by Apollo were crown'd,
As he sung in such strains as the God might have own'd:
But now, since the laurel is given of late
To Cibber, to Eusden, to Shadwell and Tate,
Apollo has quitted the isle he once lov'd,
And his harp and his bays to Hibernia remov'd;
He vows and he swears he'll inspire us no more,
And has put out Pope's fires which he kindled before;

And further he says, *men* no longer shall boast
A science their slight and ill treatment hath lost;
But that *women* alone for the future shall write;
And who can resist, when they doubly delight?
And, lest we should doubt what he said to be true,
Has begun by inspiring Sapphira and You.

EPISTLE XLIV.

MRS. BINDON's

ANSWER.

WHEN home I return'd from the dancing last night,
And elate by your praises attempted to write,
I familiarly call'd on Apollo for aid,
And told him how many fine things you had said.
He smil'd at my folly, and gave me to know,
Your wit, and not mine, by your writings you shew:
And then, says the God, still to make you more vain,
He hath promis'd that I shall enlighten your brain;
When he knows in his heart, if he speak but his mind,
That no woman alive can now boast I am kind:
For since Daphne to shun me grew into a laurel,
With the sex I have sworn still to keep up the quarrel.
I thought it all joke, till by writing to you,
I have prov'd his resentment, alas! but too true.

EPISTLE XLV.

SIR CHARLES's

REPLY.

I'LL not believe that Phoebus did not smile,
Unhappily for you I know his style;
To strains like yours of old his harp he strung,
And while he dictated Orinda sung.
Did beauteous Daphne's scorn of proffer'd love
Against the sex his indignation move?
It rather made you his peculiar care,
Convinc'd from thence, ye were as good as fair.
As mortals, who from dust receiv'd their birth,
Must when they die return to native earth;
So too the laurel, that your brow adorns,
Sprang from the fair, and to the fair returns.

EPISTLE XLVI.

TO

A LADY,

Who sent Compliments to a

CLERGYMAN,

UPON THE TEN OF HEARTS.

YOUR compliments, dear Lady, pray forbear,
Old English services are more sincere;
You send Ten Hearts, the tithe is only mine,
Give me but One, and burn the other Nine.

EPISTLE XLVII.

TO

LADY MARY CHAMBERS,

ON HER

INTENDED VOYAGE INTO TURKEY.

BY BAINBRIGG BUCKEREDGE, ESQ.

WHY should the charming Galatea shun
The bleeding conquests that her eyes have won?
Oh! stay, and give us yet a gentler fate;
For absence is more cruel than your hate.
Love in those eyes so absolutely reigns,
We're slaves by choice, nor wish to quit our chains;
Vain of our wounds, and proud to be undone,
We would not from the glorious ruin run.
Her charms the limit of an isle disdain,
And spread a powerful empire o'er the main.
Shall she to barbarous coasts from hence remove,
And melt their tyrant hearts with flames of love?
To punish haughty slaves, that proudly dare,
Triumph o'er beauty and insult the fair?

Ev'n he, whose nod a thousand beauties wait,
And, wishing, silently expect their fate;
Aw'd by her charms, shall a just vengeance meet,
And lie a slave despairing at her feet.

But O! bright Nymph, let not a long return
Make wretched we your tedious absence mourn:
Let then the barbarous nations soon restore
Fair Galatea to the British shore:
Else they expect in vain the war should cease,
And England's Moderator signs in vain the peace.

EPISTLE XLVIII.

TO THE

LADY MARCHIONESS GREY.

BY THE HON.

MISS MARGARET YORKE.

THY shades, Vacuna, and thy verdant meads,
The seat of Heroes fam'd for valiant deeds,
Demand the song. O gentle Graia! hear;
To a young Bard a few short moments spare:
Be thou my Muse, and with one gracious smile
Reward and animate the tuneful toil.
And O! inspire my verse, while it recites
Vacuna's much-lov'd elegant delights:
Whether embower'd in shady groves we walk,
Or in the Temple of chaste Dian talk;
Or if with laughter clear the dome resounds,
When Wray the ear with uncouth phrases wounds:
If now the sprightly Bam our wit employs,
Now graver studies give more solid joys:
If lightly on the green we jocund dance,
Or round the spacious garden choose to prance;

Whether the setting-sun-beam's golden fire
Or Cynthia's paler beauties we admire;
Still Innocence and Virtue lead the round,
With Mirth and Pleasure all our days are crown'd.
And O! if Heaven will hear my ardent prayer,
And grant a wish, which from my bosom ne'er
Shall be remov'd—long may these shades obey
The mild commands of her, whose name adorns this lay!

EPISTLE XLIX.

TO

A LADY,

WITH A

PRESENT OF POPE'S WORKS.

BY THE HON. CHARLES YORKE.

THE lover oft, to please some faithless dame,
With vulgar presents feeds the dying flame,
Then adds a verse, of slighted vows complains,
While she the giver and the gift disdains:
These strains no idle suit to thee commend,
On whom gay Loves with chaste Desires attend;
Nor fancied excellence, nor amorous care,
Prompts to rash praise, or fills with fond despair:
Enough, if the fair volume find access;
Thee the great poet's lay shall best express;
Thy beauteous image there thou may'st regard,
Which strikes with modest awe the meaner bard.
Sure, had he living view'd thy tender youth,
The blush of honor, and the grace of truth,

Ne'er with Belinda's charms his song had glow'd,
But from thy form the lov'd idea flow'd;
His wanton satire ne'er the sex had scorn'd,
For thee, by Virtue and the Muse adorn'd.

EPISTLE L.

TO

A LADY,

SENT HER WITH

LORD LANSDOWNE's HEROIC LOVE.

THE noble Granville here has nicely shown
Heroic Love, a copy of his own;
No flight of fancy, but his heart indites
These moving scenes; and what he feels, he writes.
With love like his, though in unequal lays,
Too charming Maid, I offer at thy praise.
Look on Chryseis; she each feature drew
In Nature's pride, and sure she sate for you;
Observe her sad farewell, she best can give
The dire account, what 'tis to part—and live!
You've all her charms, her beauty, and her youth;
But want, I fear, her kindness and her truth.

Well had it been for Priam and his race,
Had Fate set me in Agamemnon's place,
And you Chryseis: glory should have strove
But faintly then against the force of Love.

Deaf to renown, and scorning to be great,
I'd left the camp for some obscure retreat.
There, gazing on those lovely eyes, prefer
One smile of yours to all the pomp of war;
And, every mark of royalty laid down,
Had languish'd at your feet, and sav'd the town.

EPISTLE LI.

TO

A LADY,

WITH A BOOK OF MORALITY,

Entitled

VISIONS.

" So strong the passions of the human mind,
To truth reluctant, and to reason blind;
These rules, compar'd with real life, must seem
All airy visions, and an empty dream:
For when a plan of conduct we would draw,
That dares the critic's eye to show a flaw,
Fancy may wish its antitype to see,
And feast upon its charms in theory;
Yet still in practice all our hopes are vain,
To realize this image of the brain."
Thus, foe to Nature, spoke the gloomy sage;
But let his labor'd lines inform the page;
Let him exhaust his genius to display
Truth's pleasant path, and Virtue's peaceful way:

Each moral rule with energy dispense,
That forms the conduct, or improves the sense:
Still must philosophy renounce the prize,
Still Nature must to art superior rise;
For Nature now triumphantly can shew
A living instance of those rules in You.

EPISTLE LII.

TO

THREE AMIABLE SISTERS,

WITH

HAMMOND'S LOVE ELEGIES.

BY THE REV.----- KYNASTON, M.A.

LATE FELLOW OF BRAZEN-NOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

READ here the pangs of unsuccessful Love;
And oh! let pity your soft bosoms move.
Whilst Hammond, hapless youth! for Delia burns,
The plaintive Muse in sweetest accents mourns:
What Belle so savage, but their force must own?
What heart that melts not, but an heart of stone?

Read then, and listen to the Muse's voice:
Let this example sanctify your choice.
When the fond youth his passion strives to prove,
By Hammond's symptoms try the force of love:
Mark well the speaking eye, th' impassion'd tear,
The pulse quick-throbbing, and the sigh sincere.
Then, then be banish'd every meaner guest,
Nor avarice, nor ambition, fire your breast.

Ye fairer Delias! choose the better part,
Nor slight the youth who gives you all his heart;
But crown with mutual love the generous flame,
And happier Hammonds shall record your name.

EPISTLE LIII.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER

PRESENTING THE AUTHOR

WITH A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

By the Same.

THE Poets (fabling tribe!) aver,
That once the ruthless God of War,
(Who, bred amid the din of arms,
Defy'd the power of Beauty's charms,
And long had, proudly, scorn'd to wear
The pleasing fetters of the Fair)
Struck with the graceful air and mien,
And roseate bloom of Cyprus' Queen;
His savage fierceness all forbore,
Subdued by Venus' magic lore;
And soon became, her power to prove,
A convert to the force of Love.

The wily Goddess then, 'tis said,
All with an heavenly-temper'd braid

Of net-work, circled him around,
And to her snowy bosom bound;
Secur'd the conquest of her eyes,
And, by the rulers of the skies,
From the fierce God of War so tam'd,
Thenceforth was BEAUTY'S GODDESS nam'd.

Thus say the Poets—who in fiction,
In figure, and in contradiction
To all the laws of modest Nature,
Trick out a strange romantic creature,
Which, after all, they quaintly feign,
No where exists, but in the brain.

Might I the genuine truth reveal,
And would you listen to the tale;
Would you, indulgently, supply
Whate'er I pass in silence by—
Whose was the dull, insensate breast,
Which Beauty's power at length confess'd—
Who soon became, that power to prove,
A convert to the force of love:
Would you conceive who 'tis I mean—
The rest 'twere easy to explain:
"The heavenly net-work, Venus' snare,
Was this—A RINGLET OF HER HAIR:
And She, to give her ALL her due,
Some faint resemblance was of—YOU."

EPISTLE LIV.

TO

A LADY,

MAKING A PIN-BASKET.

BY

SIR JAMES MARRIOT.

WHILE objects of a parent's care
With joy your fond attention share,
Madam, accept th' auspicious strain;
Nor rise your beauteous work in vain:
Oft be your second race survey'd,
And oft a new pin-basket made.

When marriage was in all its glory,
(So Poets, madam, tell the story,)
Ere Plutus damp'd love's purer flame,
Or Smithfield bargains had a name,
In Heav'n a blooming youth and bride
At Hymen's altars were ally'd;
When Cupid had his Psyche won,
And, all her destin'd labors done,
The cruel Fates their rage relented,
And mamma Venus had consented.

At Jove's command, and Hermes' call,
The train appear'd to fill the hall,
And gods and goddesses were drest,
To do them honor, in their best.
The little rogues now pass'd the row,
And look'd and mov'd I don't know how,
And, ambling hand in hand, appear
Before the mighty Thunderer.
Low at his throne they bent the knee:
He smil'd the blushing pair to see,
Laid his tremendous bolt aside,
And strok'd their cheeks, and kiss'd the bride.

Says Juno, since our Jove's so kind,
My dear, some present I must find.
In greatest pleasures, greatest dangers,
We and the sex were never strangers;
With bounteous hand my gifts I spread,
Presiding o'er the marriage-bed.
Soon, for the months are on the wing,
To you a daughter fair I bring,
And know, from this your nuptial morn
Shall Pleasure, smiling babe, be born.
But for the babe we must prepare;
That too shall be your Juno's care.
Apollo from his golden lyre
Shall first assist us with the wire;
Vulcan shall make the silver pin:
The basket thus we shall begin,

Where we may put the child's array,
And get it ready by the day.
The nymphs themselves with flowers shall dress it,
Pallas shall weave, and I will bless it.

EPISTLE LV.

TO

A LADY,

WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES

ON

VALENTINE'S DAY,

FROM

VILLIERS,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

BRIMFUL of anger, not of love,
The champion sends his foe one glove;
But I, who have a double share
Of softer passion, send a pair.
Nor think it, dearest Celia, cruel,
That I invite you to a duel:
Ready to meet you face to face,
At any time, in any place:
Nor will I leave you in the lurch,
Tho' You should dare to name the church;
There come equipp'd with all your charms,
The ring and licence are my arms;
With these I mean your power to try,
And meet my charmer, though I die.

EPISTLE LVI.

TO

A LADY,

WITH A

BOUGH OF AN ORANGE TREE.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON, ESQ.

FROM a warm clime and generous soil
This plant remov'd deludes our toil,
Disdains what baffled art has done,
And drooping mourns the distant sun.
Yet, Mira, near thy bosom plac'd,
It shall new life, new pleasure taste;
Sweets, more than Nature gave, dispense,
Nor lend thee charms, but borrow thence.

See the young fruit thy power confess,
And love their own Bermudas less;
Though all that we think bright and fair,
Though Paradise itself be there.

Ripen'd by thy auspicious eyes,
And eager to bestow the prize,
For which thy matchless beauties call,
Each kindles to a golden ball;
Love's smiling Queen, whose tender aid
Protects the Myrtle's fragrant shade,
Fore-knowing what thy charms would be,
Left to thy choice this fairer tree.

EPISTLE LVII.

WRITTEN AT THE

REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN

TO WHOM

A LADY HAD GIVEN A SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L. D.

WHAT hopes, what terrors does thy gift create,
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!
The Myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning Fair,
Oft favors, oft rejects a lover's pray'r:
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain;
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
Th' unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads;
Oh! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart;
Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

EPISTLE LVIII.

TO

A LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

A KNIFE, dear Girl, cuts love they say—
Mere modish love, perhaps it may;
For any tool of any kind,
Can sep'rate what was never join'd.
The Knife that cuts *our* love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do:
Must cut your softness, worth and spirit
Down to the vulgar size of merit;
To level your's with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip what would dizen out a score.
The self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever;
All mem'ry of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you,
A Summer,—and a short one too:

All that affection feels, and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.—
Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this Knife will chip the moon)
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave their Proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat!—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt!—
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—'cut and come again.'

EPISTLE LIX.

FROM

A GENTLEMAN,

ON THE LATE

ANNIVERSARY OF HIS WEDDING-DAY,

TO HIS WIFE,

WITH A RING AND THE FOLLOWING LINES.

By the Same.

"THEE, MARY, with this ring I wed,"
So sixteen years ago I said—
Behold another ring!—"For what?"
"To wed thee o'er again,—why not?"—

With the FIRST ring I married Youth,
Grace, Beauty, Innocence, and Truth;
Taste long admir'd, Sense long rever'd:
And all my MOLLY THEN appear'd.

If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prov'd twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here then, to-day, (with faith as sure,
With ardor as intense and pure,
As when amidst the rites divine
I took thy troth, and plighted mine)
To thee, sweet girl, my SECOND ring,
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till Death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
These virtues, which, before untry'd,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing Wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For Conscience sake, as well as Love's.

For why?—They shew me hour by hour
Honor's high thought, Affection's pow'r,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence:
And teach me all things—but Repentance!

EPISTLE LX.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

ON

SEEING HER DANCE.

BY PETER PINNEL, M.A.

O! MAY you walk, as years advance,
Smooth and erect, as now you dance;
May you on each important stage,
From bloom of youth to wither'd age,
Assert your claim to Merit's prize,
And, as at present, charm our eyes;
Observant of Decorum's laws,
And moving with the same applause,
May you, thro' life's perplexing maze,
Direct your steps with equal praise;
Its intricate meanders trace
With regularity and grace;
From the true figure never swerve,
And time in every step observe;
Give ear to harmony and reason,
Nor make one motion out of season!

Thus will life's current gently flow,
And pour forth every bliss below;
Till Nature failing, ebb shall bring
Death with his dart—but not his sting!

EPISTLE LXI.

TO

A LADY,

ON

ASKING MY OPINION OF FRIENDSHIP.

By the Same.

WOULD Chloe know the highest bliss,
That friendship boasts—it must be this:—
When Hymen crowns what Love begun,
And two fond hearts unite in one;
When each, as to delight or pain,
Is bound in sympathetic chain,
And both reciprocally borrow,
To heighten joy, or sweeten sorrow.
This is the highest bliss below,
This friendship only can bestow;
And may propitious Heaven design
That such a friendship shall be mine,
And since this wish relates to two,
O! may that friendship be with You!

EPISTLE LXII.

TO

A LADY.

BY THE REV. S. HENLEY.

By the side of a stream that strays thro' the grove,
I met in a ramble, the blithe God of Love;
His bow o'er his shoulder was carelessly ty'd,
His quiver in negligence clanck'd at his side;
A handful of arrows he held to my view,
Each wing'd with a feather that differ'd in hue.
"This fledg'd from the eagle, he smiling begun,
I aim at the heart that no dangers will shun;
And this from the peacock, all gaudy array'd,
The breast of Sir Fopling is sure to invade.
When I point at the Witling proud of his wit,
My shaft in the plume of a parrot will hit;
And when I've a mind that the Jealous should smart,
I pierce with an owl-feather'd arrow his heart.

For the Youth, in whom truth and fondness reside,
From the breast of a dove my dart is supply'd:
This I value the most:—and this 'twas I found
From You, O my Delia, that gave me the wound.

EPISTLE LXIII.

TO

LADY HERVEY.

BY M. DE VOLTAIRE.

HERVEY, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast?
Trifling is the inclination,
That by words can be express'd.

In my silence see the lover,
True love is by silence known;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own.

EPISTLE LXIV.

A

BIRTH-DAY OFFERING

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

FROM HER LOVER.

BY GEO. CANNING, ESQ.

ERE this short winter's day be gone,
My MARY-ANNE is twenty-one.
Of days still shorter just a Lent,
Patch'd up from different years is spent,
Since her Devoted fairly reckon'd
The close of year the thirty-second.
Bending beneath the weight of years,
Full as infirm as he appears,
What can a worn-out lover do,
With twenty-one at thirty-two?
For such a phrenzy no defence is—
The girl has clearly lost her senses.

Perhaps deceiv'd by some fond notion,
Embrac'd in rapture of devotion,

(I quote such fancies to expose 'em)
She dreams of bliss in Abraham's bosom;
And chuses an Antique, the rather
With better grace to call him father.

Perhaps—but fiction be suppress'd,
While real joy expands my breast—
My faithful flame her heart approves,
And O! transporting thought! she loves.

When Souls, by impulse sympathetic,
By intuition most prophetic,
By feelings, which they cannot smother,
Leap at first glance to meet each other,
When each itself in t' other traces,
What matter for their diff'rent cases?
Of kin, perhaps, in pre-existence,
Without dull Reason's slow assistance,
They recollect the happy union,
And long to recommence communion.
I must confess that such attraction,
For ease, convenience, satisfaction,
Were best if, on deliberation,
It met with Reason's approbation:
Not as of absolute dominion,
To rule by dint of dark opinion;
Not as a Lord of sovereign sway,
Whom love must worship and obey;

But merely as the herd inferior
May judge the acts of Powers superior;
As my poor intellect, or thine,
May scan authority divine—
In short, I'd have our simple love,
Not *against* reason, but *above*.

Two birds, suppose, of various feather,
Hung in one room by chance together,
To airs melodious tune their voices,
While each the other's ear rejoices:
If, without half a note erroneous,
The song be perfectly harmonious,
What matter for the forms or ages,
Of bills, of feathers, and of cages?

Dean Swift, whose talent lives no more,
His Stella sung at forty-four;
And breath'd an idle wish to split
In twain her beauty, years, and wit—
Of half her charms he made a proffer
For youth; but Time disdain'd his offer.
Far happier I, who well could spare,
Of each accomplishment a share,
Yet leave an ample store of charms,
To bring Elysium to my arms,
Am not reduc'd those charms to barter,
And cry to heedless Time for quarter—

Fly, Sluggard, on thy swiftest wing,
My charmer yields not All till Spring!

Then firm in Constancy's reliance,
I bid thy cruel scythe defiance;
Deal when thou wilt the deadly blow,
Thou canst but separate below;
Thy first can but for moments sever,
Thy second re-unites for ever.

Perhaps, suspending mortal rage,
By silent sap, and creeping age,
By subtile, secret slow approaches,
As mildew on the blade incroaches,
Thou hop'st, malignant fiend! to tame
The ardor of love's fiercest flame—
Vain shalt thou find thy keenest blast,
Bliss once possess'd, thy power is past.
Can years, while sense remains, destroy
The memory of transcendent joy?
Can years bright innocence impair?
Can years make Virtue look less fair?

But Beauty, by thy influence curst,
May sicken—Tyrant, do thy worst!
I know thy power, and am prepar'd
To meet thy sharpest darts unscar'd.
Though Body, Mind, thou canst control,
Own thy survivor in the Soul;

Whose perfect bliss is not enjoy'd
Till thou art utterly destroy'd.

Ev'n here, as health and beauty fail,
While lilies o'er the rose prevail,
Long ere thy menac'd ills can harm,
Though every hour should steal a charm——
Long ere, by twenty stars a day,
The spangled Heavens would wear away.

Unconscious of the gradual wane,
As years their empire slowly gain,
While my Ideas, in the race,
Observe a due-proportioned pace,
And limbs grow cold, and senses faulter,
I sha'nt perceive her Person alter.
When Age her dimpled cheek beguiles,
And wrinkles plants, instead of smiles,
Though every Cupid he should smother,
I'll think her handsome as their mother.
When, steady to his barbarous plan,
To spoil my lovely MARY-ANNE,
The savage unrelenting creature
Has robb'd her face of every feature,
And, to conceptions merely common,
My charmer seems a plain old woman,
Still in my heart she'll hold her throne,
Still in my eyes be twenty-one.

EPISTLE LXV.

TO

CORINNA.

BY EARL NUGENT.

WHILE I those hard commands obey,
Which tear me from thee far away;
Never did yet love-tortur'd youth
So dearly prove his doubted truth;
For never woman charm'd like thee,
And never man yet lov'd like me.

All creatures whom fond flames inspire,
Pursue the object they desire:
But I, prepost'rous doom! must prove
By distant flight the strongest love;
And ev'ry way distress'd by fate,
Must lose thy sight, or meet thy hate.

EPISTLE LXVI.

TO

CAMILLA.

By the Same.

WEARY'D with indolent repose,
A life unmix'd with joys or woes;
Where all the lazy moments crept,
And every passion sluggish slept;
I wish'd for Love's inspiring pains,
To rouze the loiterer in my veins.
Th' officious power my call attends,
He who uncall'd his succour lends;
And with a smile of wanton spite,
He gave Camilla to my sight.
Her eyes their willing captive seize,
Her look, her air, her manner please;
New beauties please, unseen before,
Or seen, in her they please me more;
And soon, too soon, alas! I find
The virtues of a nobler kind.

Now cheerful springs the morning ray,
Now cheerful sinks the closing day;

For every morn with her I walk'd,
And every eve with her I talk'd;
With her I lik'd the vernal bloom,
With her I lik'd the crowded room;
From her at night I went with pain,
And long'd for morn to meet again.

How quick the smiling moments pass,
Through varying Fancy's mimic glass!
While the gay scene is painted o'er,
Where all was one wide blank before;
And sweetly sooth'd th' inchanting dream,
'Till love inspir'd a bolder scheme.

Camilla, stung with grief and shame:
Now marks, and shuns the guilty flame;
Fierce anger lighten'd in her face,
Then cold reserve assum'd its place:
And soon, the wretch's hardest fate,
Contempt succeeds declining hate.
No more my presence now she flies,
She sees me with unheeding eyes;
Sees me with various passions burn,
Enrag'd, depart,—submiss, return;
Return with flattering hopes to find
Soft pity move her gentle mind.
But ah! her looks were still the same,
Unmark'd I went, unmark'd I came;
Unmark'd were all my hopes and fears,
While Strephon whispers in her ears.

O Jealousy! distracting guest!
Fly to some happy lover's breast;
Fitly with joy thou minglest care,
But why inhabit with despair?

EPISTLE LXVII.

TO

CLARISSA.

By the Same.

'Twas when the friendly shade of night
Suspends the busy cares of light,
And on the various world bestows
Or sprightly joy, or calm repose.
With gen'rous wine the glass was crown'd,
And mirth, and talk, and toasts went round.

Clarissa came to bless the feast,
Clarissa, dearly welcome guest!
Not such she look'd as when by day
She blazes in the diamond's ray;
And adding to each gem a grace,
Gives India's wealth the second place.
But soft reclin'd in careless ease,
More pleasing, less intent to please.
Loose flow'd her hair in wanton pride,
Her robe unbound, her zone unty'd;
Half bare to view her milk-white breast,
A slender veil scarce shades the rest:

Her eye with sparkling lustre glows,
And wit in sweetest accent flows.

Now sooth'd the angel's voice I hear,
And drink in love at either ear;
Now stung with wilder rapture gaze,
While our eyes meet with blended rays;
And kindling in th' infectious flame,
I feel what words want pow'r to name.

Awaking from the silent trance,
Cautious I steal a broken glance;
In clam'rous mirth each pang disguise,
And laughter swell with bursting sighs;
For Envy, pallid fiend, was there,
And Jealousy with watchful care.

Now ends the feast, each guest retires,
And with them all my soul desires,
Clarissa goes. Ah! cruel fate!
She goes with her ill-sorted mate:
Sullen and slow he moves along,
And heavy hums a drowsy song.
O! drowsy may the monster lie,
And instant slumbers seal his eye!
So shalt thou, best belov'd, escape
The horrors of a legal rape.

Or, should the brutish instinct goad,
And thou must bear th' unwelcome load;

If struggle, pray'r, pretence be vain,
To shun what tyrant-laws ordain;
Ah! sparing deal our scanty dues,
And keep whate'er thou canst refuse!
Ah! give no bounding pulse to beat,
No cheek to glow with genial heat!
No breast to heave in am'rous play,
No limbs to twine, no hands to stray;
But sluggish press the joyless bed,
And lie in cold indiff'rence dead:
Nor let the blasting spoiler sip
The fragrance of thy balmy lip!
To share with him the lover's part,
Were rank adultery of the heart.

But if, in chaster love's despite,
Warm Nature catch the known delight;
While fierce desires tumultuous rise,
And rapture melts thy closing eyes;
Ah! be those joys for me design'd,
And let me rush upon thy mind!
To me the burning kiss impart,
On me impress the humid dart,
For me unlock the nectar'd store,
Then sigh, and dream the transport o'er!

Thus with her lov'd idea fraught,
Delusive fancy charms my thought;
And joining in the flatt'ring cheat,
Willing I hug the dear deceit;

From fiction real bliss receive,
And all I fondly wish believe;
Nor envy to a husband's arms
The dull fruition of her charms.

But when, regardless of my truth,
She smiles on some more favor'd youth;
And while he whispers in her ears,
With more than wonted pleasure hears;
My jealous thought his voice supplies,
And reads perdition in her eyes.
Then torn with envy, love, and hate,
I wish her with her wedded mate.

END OF EPISTLES
PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

NOTES

ON

EPISTLES

PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

EPISTLE I.

Page 5. *THE chaste Orinda rose; with purer light,*
Like modest Cynthia, beaming thro' the night:] Mrs. Catherine Philips: she was distinguished by most of the wits of King Charles's reign, and died young. Her pieces on Friendship are particularly admired. See Epistle xiii. in this volume.

6. *Who can unmov'd hear Winchelsea reveal*
Thy horrors, spleen! which all, who paint, must feel?] Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, a lady of great wit and genius, wrote (among others) a poem much admired, on the Spleen, and is praised by Mr. Pope, &c. under the poetical name of Ardelia.

ibid. *Hail, Cockburne, hail! even now from Reason's bowers*
Thy Locke delighted culls the choicest flowers
To deck his great, successful champion's head,
And Clarke expects thee in the laurel shade.]
Mrs. Catherine Cockburne was the wife of a clergyman, lived obscurely, and died a few years ago, in an

advanced age in Northumberland; her works on dramatic, philosophical, and sacred subjects, have been lately collected by the learned Dr. Birch, and are generally admired.

6. ————Manley, Centlivre, *and* Behn;] The first of these wrote the scandalous memoirs called Atalantis, and the other two are notorious for the indecency of their plays.

7. ————Philips, Pilkington, *and* Vane,] These three ladies have endeavoured to immortalize their shame by writing their own memoirs.

ibid. But hark! what Nymph, in Frome's *embroider'd vale,*

With strains seraphic swells the vernal gale?] The character of Mrs. Rowe and her writings is too well known to be dwelt on here. It may be sufficient to say, that without any previous illness, she met at last with that sudden death for which she had always wished.

ibid. Nor can her noble Friend escape unseen,

Or from the Muse her modest virtues screen:] Frances, Countess of Hertford, and afterwards Dutchess Dowager of Somerset, Mrs. Rowe's illustrious friend, lamented her death in some verses prefixed to her poems, and was author of the letters in her collection signed *Cleora*.

8. *By generous views one Peeress more demands*

A grateful tribute from all female hands;] Anne, Viscountess Irwin, and aunt to the present Earl of Carlisle: this lady, in a poetical epistle to Mr. Pope,

has rescued her sex's cause from the aspersions cast on them by that satyrist in his essay on the characters of women.

8. *Their own dark forms deceit and envy wear,*
By Irwin touch'd with truth's celestial spear.]
See Milton, book iv. ver. 811.

ibid. *What breast from sighs, what eye from tears refrains,*
When, sweetly-mournful, hapless Wright *complains?*] Mrs. Wright, sister to the famous Wesleys, has published some pieces, which, though of a melancholy cast, are written in the genuine spirit of poetry.

9. *In nervous strains, lo!* Madan's *polish'd taste*
Has poetry's successive progress trac'd,] Mrs. Madan is author of a poem called the 'Progress of Poetry:' wherein the characters of the best Grecian, Roman, and English poets are justly and elegantly drawn.

ibid. *Young* Leapor's *form flies shadowy o'er the green.*] Mrs. Leapor, daughter to a Northamptonshire gardener, has lately convinced the world of the force of unassisted Nature, by imitating and equalling some of our most approved poets, by the strength of her parts, and the vivacity of her genius.

10. *Now bear me, Clio, to that Kentish strand,*
Whose rude o'erhanging cliffs and barren sand
May challenge all the myrtle-blooming bowers

Of fam'd Italia, when, at evening hours,
Thy own Eliza *muses on the shore,*] Mrs. Eliza Carter, of Deal, well known to the learned world for her late translation of Epictetus, has translated, from the Italian, Algarotti's Dialogues on Light and Colours; and lately published a small collection of elegant poems.

11. "*What magic powers in* Celia's *numbers dwell,*] We could not here, with justice, with-hold our tribute of praise from Mrs. Brooke, author of the tragedy of Virginia.

12. *Clio herself, or Ferrar tunes a lay,*
Sweet as the darkling Philomel of May.
Haste, haste, ye Nine, and hear a sister sing
The charms of Cynthia, and the joys of Spring:]
This lady (now the wife of Dr. Peckard, the respectable master of Magdalen College, Cambridge) has written two beautiful odes to Cynthia and the Spring.

13. *Nor shall thy much-lov'd* Pennington *remain*
Unsung, unhonor'd in my votive strain.] Mrs. Pennington has happily imitated Mr. Philips's Splendid Shilling, in a burlesque poem called the Copper Farthing.

ibid. *And, hark! what songstress shakes her warbling throat?*
Is it the nightingale, or Delia's note?] This lady has written odes to Peace, Health, and the Robin Red-breast, which are here alluded to: and she has been celebrated in a sonnet by Mr. Edwards, author of the Canons of Criticism.

14. *With lovely mien Eugenia now appears,*
The muse's pupil from her tenderest years ;] This lady has successfully applied herself to the sister arts of drawing and poetry, and has written an ingenious allegory, wherein two pilgrims, Fidelio and Honoria, after a fruitless search for the palace of Happiness, are at last conducted to the house of Content.

EPISTLE II.

Page 17. We presume this Epistle to have been addressed by the Author to his Daughter; but if not, MISS SEWARD's claim to the right it asserts will never admit of a doubt.

EPISTLE IV.

Page 27. *To joys that Mordaunt,———*] Earl of Peterborough, conqueror of Valencia. D.

EPISTLE V.

Page 29. The ingenious writer of this Epistle was shot by a ruffian near Naples, about the month of June 1753, whilst travelling in his post-chaise.

EPISTLE XI.

Page 45. *Or rising from her borrow'd guise,*
She struck th' astonish'd Grecian's eyes.]
When Minerva had conducted Telemachus to Ithaca, under the appearance of old Mentor, she resumed her form and left him.

EPISTLE XIII.

Page 51. *Urania's birth in glittering fiction sung;*] There were two Venuses among the ancients; one called Pandemus, to whom they attributed the love of wild disorderly pleasures; the other named Urania, the patroness aud inspirer of Friendship, Knowledge, and Virtue.

52. *What shining visions rose on Plato's thought!*
While by the Muses gently winding flood,] Ilyssus, a river near Athens, dedicated to the Muses. On the banks of this river, under a plantane, Plato lays the scene of some of his dialogues on love and beauty.

EPISTLE XXII.

Page 82. ——————CONSTANCE *flies*;] Mrs. Cibber.

83. *Though* Falstaff *should forsake the stage.*] Mr. Quin, inimitable in that character, who was then quitting it.

EPISTLE XXIV.

Page 87. This temple was erected by Garrick in his garden, on the bank of the Thames, at Hampton.

EPISTLE XXV.

Page 90. Upon the back of this picture, which was sent to a gentleman of the University of Oxford, Mr. Garrick inscribed the following lines:

The mimic form on t'other side,
That you accepted is my pride;
Resembles one so prompt to change,
Through ev'ry mortal whim to range,
You'd swear the lute so like the case,
The mind as various as the face.
Yet to his friends be this his fame,
His heart's eternally the same.

EPISTLE XXXII.

Page 105. John Dennis, the celebrated critic, at the age of almost 77, became blind and overwhelmed with debts. His deplorable situation exciting the compassion of Mr. Thomson, that gentleman procured for him a benefit at the theatre in the Haymarket. The play was the Provoked Husband: and Mr. Pope wrote a Prologue, which was spoken by Theophilus Cibber. The exhibition, however, which produced near 100l. was of but little service, as the unfortunate old man survived but a very short time. A writer of Dennis's Life asserts these verses to have been the production of Savage.

EPISTLE XXXV.

Page 111. The author of this Epistle was born at Windsor, (where his father was treasurer and chapter clerk of the college) received his education at Eton and Cambridge, and after studying under Boerhaave, practised physic in London. Towards the close of life he retired to Hampstead, where he died and was meanly buried. The amiableness of his temper was a

pass-port to the best company, and procured him very general esteem. He was the author of various pieces both of poetry and prose, and was principally concerned in the ninth volume of the Spectator.

EPISTLE XLIII.

Page 134. ——————*Sapphira*——] The name by which Mrs. Barber was known by her friends.

EPISTLE XLV.

Page 137. ——————Orinda *sung*.] The name given to Mrs. Catherine Philips.

EPISTLE XLVII.

Page 139. It appears from this Epistle, that Lady Craven is not the first of her family who has voyaged to Turkey. The fair Traveller to whom this Epistle was addressed, was eldest daughter to the Earl of Berkley, and sister to Lady Elizabeth Germaine. She married Sir Thomas Chambers of Hanwell.

EPISTLE XLVIII.

Page 141. The fair Authoress was second daughter of the late Earl of Hardwicke, and afterwards wife of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. She died in child-bed, 1769. These lines were written by her at the age of fourteen and a half.

EPISTLE LXIII.

Page 169. Mary, daughter of General Lepel, and widow of John Lord Hervey. Of this lady it was observed by the Earl of Chesterfield to his son, that "She has been all her life at courts; of which she has acquired all the easy good breeding and politeness, without the frivolousness. She has all the reading that a woman should have; and more than any woman need have; for she understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it. No woman ever had more than she has, *le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manieres engageantes et le je ne scais quoi qui plait.*"

THE END.

[PRINTED BY G. CAWTHORN, STRAND.]

LE.C
B434c

Bell, John
A classical arrange
Vol. 5.

DATE.	NA